

# Reader's digest

JULY/AUG 2017

**SPECIAL ISSUE**

**Celebrating the Proudest  
Stories, Images, and Heroes in ...**

## ★★ *Your* ★★ **AMERICA**

**Inspiring Tales  
of Bravery**

New from **THE MOTH**

**Exceptional  
Reader Photos**

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**GRAND  
PRIZE**

*Christmas Meadows trail,  
Utah, photographed by  
reader Robin Phillips*



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JULY/AUGUST 2017

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BRANDON SPEKTOR

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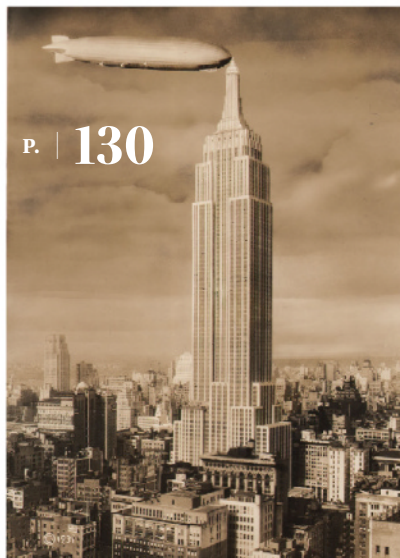
Ten inspiring stories of courage presented at the Moth, the live storytelling event.





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BRANDON SPECKTOR

## On Our Cover

UINTA-WASATCH-CACHE  
NATIONAL FOREST, UTAH

"There had just been a spring storm, so I knew that Ostler Peak would be covered in snow that day. My grandfather and father took me here to fly-fish off Christmas Meadows trail when I was a boy. I had to wait until I turned 12—it was a rite-of-passage thing. Since then, I've taken my sons here, and this summer, I will take my grandson. Time is a river, with eddies and currents that draw our family together and bind us fast."

ROBIN PHILLIPS, 63

GRAND  
PRIZE





# Dear Readers

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I'VE BEEN SPENDING a few minutes a day lately touring an America where everyone believes in kindness, civility, and, most important, each other. I'm serious. Our Nicest Place in America Contest is off and running at [rd.com/nicest](http://rd.com/nicest), and keeping up with the entries would make the most curmudgeonly among us feel optimistic about the future of American neighborliness. It's hard to browse submitted snippets like these and not smile:

- When the newborn daughter of two beloved young schoolteachers is diagnosed with a heart condition, neighbors raise enough money to cover her medical care (Wall, Texas).
- When a prospective buyer tours a home for sale, the next-door neighbor calls out, "Buy it! You'll love the neighbors!"—and is proved correct (Bordentown, New Jersey).
- When a car full of rowdy teenagers tries to flag a resident down, fear gives way to joy as she discovers they only want to screw on the gas cap she left dangling (Fargo, North Dakota).

I admit my emotions about simple American decency are close to my skin right now. Susan and I just nervously moved our family to Ridgefield, Connecticut, and we couldn't have felt more welcomed by our new neighbors if George Washington himself shook our hands. On our first weekend, we watched a rambunctious reenactment of the 1777 Battle of Ridgefield, a tactical loss for the patriots that nonetheless galvanized support for the revolution. The next week, we devoured barbecue at a festive Rotary fundraiser benefiting struggling families. Every interaction felt real.

I guess that just proves there are countless wonderfully nice places in our country, just when we need their example. And much as this special "Your America" issue is filled with stories and photos supplied by readers and other Americans, it was you who turned us on to all our Nicest Place nominees. Check out the ten finalists at [rd.com/nicest](http://rd.com/nicest) and cast your ballot for the one you think is the nicest of them all. I bet you'll come away from the experience thinking just what I am thinking: Americans make great neighbors. **R**



Bruce Kelley, editor-in-chief  
Write to us at [letters@rd.com](mailto:letters@rd.com).





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# Letters

COMMENTS ON THE MAY ISSUE

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## Words to Live (Longer and Better) By

This is the advice I give young people: Stay active, mentally and physically, all your life. You don't have to enter races or intelligence contests. Just use your brain and muscles and enjoy life. I have a saying: If they tell me I can't laugh and joke and have fun, I am going to Fort Logan to turn myself in. Fort Logan is our military cemetery. At 83, I can still mow my lawn, and I am the registrar and coordinator for an upcoming convention.

**RICHARD HUNTER**, Aurora, Colorado

## Dear Readers

I had to chuckle when I read senior editor Andrea Au Levitt's note. The "advanced maternal age" scrolled across your medical records sounds a lot better than the term "elderly primigravida," which docs also like to use for older moms. I was two months shy of 35 when I had my daughter, hardly elderly!

**JUNE BRADFORD**, St. Johns, Florida



## The Case of the Facebook Bully

I wondered: Where are this bully's parents? But I knew the answer. They were busy paying lawyers to defend their son's obnoxious behavior.

**GWEN SCHROTH**, Plano, Texas

## How a Veteran Sees Life

I am sure many veterans read this and probably shed tears. I know I did. He spoke for me as well as other veterans. This article should be distributed to the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, other veterans' organizations, and schools throughout our country.

**KEN KOENITZER**, Haines City, Florida

Your list "You Can Help a Vet Today" is good but should also include the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars. Both provide camaraderie to members as well as assistance and support to all veterans. Thankfully I never had to serve in combat, but I say a hearty "Semper Fi" to one and all.

**NORMAN T. MARTEN JR.**,  
Bainbridge Island, Washington

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW COHEN



## Where the Wild Things Are In the Suburbs

This article skeeved me out. Fresh food from a farm, sure. But if I found out my kids ate dandelions plucked from an abandoned parking lot, I'd call Poison Control!

**BARBRA COHEN**, Plainview, New York

**FROM THE EDITORS:** *Wild dandelion greens are edible, but you might want to avoid those from high-pollution areas.*

## Where the @#\$\$% Am I?

Perhaps instead of reading his GPS, Mr. Santillan should have read his MAP. **DAVID COOPER**, Churubusco, Indiana

## Kids Think the Craziest Things!

I am now 90 years old, but your article reminded me of something from my youth: Our last name is Busse. I always wondered why we were singled out not to be allowed in certain areas by large signs that said *NO BUSES ALLOWED*.

**NORMA BUSSE**, San Antonio, Texas

My school was a two-story building with grades one to eight on the ground floor and nine to twelve

on the top floor. For a long time, I believed that "high" school meant you just walked high to get up the stairs.

**CONSTANCE MAILLET**, Lafayette, Louisiana

## "I've Come to Clean Your Shoes"

I was so moved by the story of the man who showed up to clean a mourning family's shoes before a funeral. I couldn't help but think of walking through the ordeal of my mother's passing and how simple platitudes didn't help at all. But those who took the time to do practical things meant so much to my family and me. Thank you for reminding us that grand words are meaningless but thoughtful actions are timeless.

**KRISTY PATE HALL**, Glenrock, Wyoming

### WHERE IS THE NICEST PLACE IN AMERICA?

Y'all sure are nice! In fact, we're still smiling after reading about all the places you shared with us. We've managed to narrow the list down to ten finalists. **Please help us choose our winner by voting for your favorite at [rd.com/nicest](http://rd.com/nicest).**

**VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE!**

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# EVERYDAY HEROES



A single mother feeds thousands—and it costs her next to nothing

## Couponing for Charity

BY CLAIRE NOWAK

 **FEEDING 5,000 PEOPLE** every month is a tall order. For Lauren Puryear—single mother, full-time mental health therapist, and founder of the nonprofit For the Love of Others—the secret ingredient is coupons. Lots and lots of coupons.

The meals themselves are often quite impressive. Spaghetti and meatballs, rotisserie chickens with vegetables, meaty sandwiches—29-year-old Puryear prides herself on preparing and serving hearty dishes to the poor and homeless. She feeds them several weekends a month, in a number of

cities: beans and hot dogs in Atlanta one week; chili and corn bread in Richmond, Virginia, the next.

Still, she manages to do it all for next to nothing because the menu depends entirely on that week's bargains. "The best way to get the lowest out-of-pocket cost is to match the coupon when the item is on sale," she explains. Her clipping talents save between \$250 and \$1,000 per grocery trip. Considering that she's on track to serve her 60,000th meal by the time she turns 30 in September, that savings is huge. ➔



*Puryear, hunting  
for deals at home in  
Virginia, was inspired  
by her grandmother.*



Most of the prep work starts at home, in Woodbridge, Virginia. Neighbors drop off 500 or so newspapers every week at Puryear's house, and she spends her Friday nights going through them with her six-year-old son, Isaiah—quality family time complete with pizza and movies.

Once she tallies up the week's critical mass of coupons, she calls her local stores to make sure the shelves are filled with the items on her list. Friends help stock the shopping carts and transport everything to her super-sized pantry—a nearby storage unit—where she stashes her haul until she's ready to head off in her SUV to the next city on her list.

"If I'm out of town and need something last-minute and go to a store, the cashiers look at me like I'm crazy," she says about her giant shopping lists—and the coupons that go with them. The cooking is done on-site, usually in a kitchen donated by a homeless shelter or soup kitchen.

Puryear inherited her passion for culinary giving from her grandmother Marion Smith. When Smith saw panhandlers on the streets of Paterson, New Jersey, she would offer to buy them food instead of giving them money. When she came across a prostitute, she'd say, "It's pretty cold

out here. Why don't you put on some warm clothes?" and then give her something to wear.

Puryear got into the act when she was ten. If there were leftovers from dinner, Smith would put them in a container and give her granddaughter instructions: "Now run outside and bring this to the homeless man on the street."

When Puryear founded her nonprofit, she chose the name For the Love of Others to honor her grandmother, who passed away in 2012. "Love was just the central core of her being," Puryear says.

Nana would certainly be proud of her grand-

daughter's efforts—and her impact. At one meal in Baltimore, three boys asked if they could take extra sandwiches. "We'll eat this today, but we'll be hungry tomorrow," one said. Puryear let them take five each. The boys' crying mother thanked Puryear, explaining how she uses her entire paycheck for the hotel room where they live. They never know what they will eat day to day.

"Stories like that, that's why we do what we do," Puryear says. "To know that something as simple as couponing, which takes a couple of hours out of my day, can help somebody eat for three or four days—that's amazing to me."

“*If I need something when I'm out of town, the cashiers look at me like I'm crazy.*”



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# Sergeant Turner's Ride Home

BY ANDY SIMMONS



*Turner's journey passed through ten states.*

✪ S.SGT. JONATHAN TURNER served his country for 17 years, which included seven tours of duty in Afghanistan and Iraq. At the age of 41 and suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, Turner retired. A year later, he committed suicide. Turner died in California, and his family back in Georgia could not afford to fly out there to claim his ashes. Instead, the Marines arranged to have his remains shipped home. And how would they transport Turner? In a FedEx box.

The Patriot Guard Riders thought he deserved a more dignified journey. Founded in Kansas in 2005, the PGR is an organization of motorcycle enthusiasts and patriots dedicated to helping veterans in any way they can. When they heard about the arrangements for Turner's remains, they organized a caravan—or, as they described it, a “pony express of iron horses.”

On August 5, 2015, dozens of Patriot Guard Riders, many veterans themselves, accompanied Turner from Ontario, California, to a Love's truck stop in Lake Havasu, Arizona, on the California border. A veteran wearing white gloves somberly handed off the wooden box containing Turner's ashes to the PGR captain from Arizona. Then the Arizona chapter drove the ashes 388 miles to the New Mexico border. The handing-off ceremony was repeated, and then the New Mexico Patriot Guard Riders transported the ashes to Texas, and so on until the ashes reached Georgia five days and some 2,000 miles after leaving California.

“The great state of Georgia proudly accepts this man on the final leg of his return home,” the captain of the Georgia PGR told his Alabama counterpart. “Thank you, Alabama, for bringing him home.” **R**



# Ask the Expert

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*Dr. Thomas Roland, a cochlear implant surgeon and medical advisor to Cochlear, the world leader in cochlear implants, answers questions about cochlear implants and how they are different from hearing aids.*

---

#### **Q: How are cochlear implants different than hearing aids?**

A: Hearing aids help many people by making the sounds they hear louder. Unfortunately as hearing loss progresses, sounds need to not only be made louder but clearer. Cochlear implants can help give you that clarity, especially in noisy environments. Hearing aids are typically worn before a cochlear implant solution is considered.

#### **Q: Are cochlear implants covered by Medicare?**

A: Yes, Medicare and most private insurance plans routinely cover cochlear implants.

#### **Q: What does a cochlear implant system look like?**

A: There are two primary components of the Cochlear™ Nucleus® System, the implant that is surgically placed underneath the skin and the external sound processor. Cochlear offers two wearing options for the sound processor, one that's worn behind the ear – similar to a hearing aid – and the new Kanso™ Sound Processor which is a discreet, off-the-ear hearing solution that's easy to use. The Cochlear Nucleus System advanced technology is designed to help you hear better and understand conversations.

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# VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit

## The Beach Is for the Birds

BY P. J. O'ROURKE  
FROM THEDAILYBEAST.COM



*Humorist*  
P. J. O'ROURKE'S  
latest book  
is *How the  
Hell Did  
This Happen:  
The Election  
of 2016.*

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE explain the beach to me? What if you'd never seen or heard of a beach and someone suggested you spend your holiday at a place where there's a large, hot, windy expanse of ground-up stones, bordered by freezing water in such a state of agitation that going near it is like being targeted by Russian police water cannons at an anti-Putin demonstration, except the water has things in it that eat you? A place where your children will be fried until they blister, burst, and peel like hot dogs left too long on the grill? Would you go there? You would, I discovered, if your wife and kids insisted. So we rented a cottage on the beach.

*On* is a beach-cottage-rental technical term meaning "closer to the ocean than Cincinnati." We had to drive to the beach. Or, I should say, we had to drive to the beach parking lot. The beach was north of Boston. The beach parking lot was someplace out near the Lexington and Concord battlefields. An Ironman triathlon is, shall we say, a day at the beach



compared with getting to the beach from the beach parking lot carrying a beach umbrella, beach towels, beach toys, beach bags, and a beach picnic in a beach cooler the size of, well, the beach.

The sun shone brightly, like I care. The O'Rourkes possess the Hibernian complexion best suited to sitting in dimly lit pubs—a result of millennia of Darwinian selection among Hibernians sitting in dimly lit pubs. We were coated inch-thick in sun-screen, SPF 100,000.

Now, what to do at the beach? Panic? My ten-year-old son, Buster, headed straight for the agitated water. Buster swims like a brick. My teenage daughters headed straight for the lifeguards. Who wants a son-in-law with a nose covered in white zinc? How would that look at the altar in St. Patrick's?

Turn seaward and enjoy the view? View of what? Nothing's out there. OK, there's a sailboat. After I get the beach explained to me, perhaps someone will explain sailboats. A movable domicile that's blown around and leaks from both the ceiling and the floor—a sailboat is a tony version of living in a trailer park during a tornado and a flash flood.

Build sand castles? As a family, we have the same exquisite eye for design that guided the architects of the 1970s when they were building public schools, low-income housing, and minimum-security prisons.

Enjoy our picnic? The kids refused. "There's sand in all the food." They preferred the "Harbor Hovel" snack bar, serving blistered, burst, and peeling hot dogs.

After being rescued from the ocean several times, Buster spent the rest of the afternoon collecting flotsam and jetsam. And my teenage daughters went into the cute town to shop at cute stores selling cute

things at acute prices.

On the way home from our vacation, the kids asked, "Can we come back again next year?"

No. I'm going into this beach business myself. Where we live, in rural New Hampshire, we have a freezing-cold pond. I'll dump our supply of winter road salt in it and agitate the water with boulders dropped from my tractor bucket.

Our pond is short on man-eating sharks, but I can set bear traps on the bottom. We don't have sand, but we do have dirt. And the "Pond Pit" snack bar will serve fried tadpole rolls.

“  
*A sailboat is a tony version of living in a trailer park during a tornado and a flash flood.*



## REMINISCE

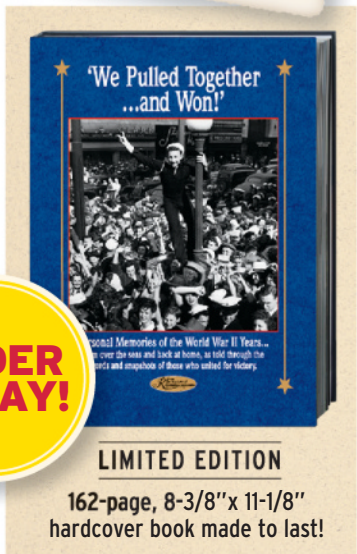
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The well-being of children shouldn't be a political issue. Their success needs to be the common commitment of our national life.

# A Plea to America's Adults

BY ALMA AND COLIN POWELL

WHEN WE WERE RAISED, there were plenty of adults—family members as well as neighbors—who took a hand in setting standards for children. Their consistent message—“Mind your manners” and “Mind who you are”—was a call for young people to treat themselves and others with dignity. Families and children flourish with these connections, whether they're personal or based in institutions such as quality day care

and schools, sports teams, religious youth groups, extracurricular activities, libraries, and youth development organizations.

But over the years, we have seen the bonds that support young people buckle under the pressures of modern life. In too many places, children are caught in a sticky web of troubles that would be difficult for any of us to escape. Some children do heroically transcend these problems through hard work, character, and idealism. But it should not require heroism to be a child.

Our children deserve better. They deserve a life that rewards their dreams, a life of opportunity—after all, equal opportunity is the defining promise of our country. It is a commitment that should unite right and left, rural and urban, rich and poor.

The America to which we aspire



ALMA J. POWELL AND GEN. COLIN L. POWELL, USA (RET.), are longtime advocates for children and the chair and

founding chair, respectively, of America's Promise Alliance. To read their full letter to America, visit [recommit2kids.org](http://recommit2kids.org).



rises to challenges and sacrifices for the good of the next generation. If you are a parent worried about the intellectual and moral formation of your children, this is your cause. If you are a teacher struggling against influences outside the classroom that leave young people unprepared

for learning, this is your cause. If you are an employer who has trouble finding skilled workers in an increasingly skills-based economy, this is your cause. This is our cause.

We are not child-development experts, but we have learned some lessons about success over the years,

occasionally through hard experience. Advances in knowledge haven't changed the basic needs of young people. Influencing them depends on some very basic practices that allow adults to enter and impact their lives:

**When you're trying to serve young people, it is necessary to really listen.**

Shaking the hand of a young man or woman, looking him or her in the eyes, taking the time to engage—all these things signal concern and respect. Especially if children feel betrayed, a connection may take time. But this is what children need most—sustained, sympathetic interaction with adults who care enough to help them thrive. This always begins with a willingness to listen.

**Influence with young people requires consistency.** Much hostility and suspicion toward the adult world comes from broken promises of attention and care, especially when family arrangements are unstable. Many children are effectively asking adults: Will you be back tomorrow? And the day after? Will you have my back over time? Children are not reached by a one-time flash of engagement; they are influenced by the long-term glow of commitment.

**If the success of young people depends on overlapping factors, so does their failure.** They can experience concurrent problems—neglect, economic crisis, bad peer influences, trauma—that reach a tipping point. All their hopes and plans can shrink down to the needs and wants of the

moment; they may numb their pain with drugs, leave school, join a gang. Whatever the latest policy trend may be—and we have seen many—no single response will be enough. It is necessary to surround a child with love, support, and encouragement on every side, in every endeavor.

“  
*Some children do heroically transcend life's hurdles. But it should not require heroism to be a child.*”

**Reaching young people requires the conviction that they are capable of success.** Children have a way of knowing when adults have given up on them. They test our faith in them in a variety of ways. And discouragement can come early. Educators have told us that most children arrive in kindergarten smiling and hungry for learning. But many lack basic skills and feel dismissed and discounted. By the third grade, one educator told us, “the light can go out of their eyes.” It is only a sense of possibility that can rekindle the flame. Children will not believe in themselves if we don't believe in them. ➤➤

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And it is unacceptable to watch any of them abandon faith in the future before their lives have really begun.

**WHILE THESE CHALLENGES** are daunting, we have seen that progress is possible. We have seen communities across the country making serious, rapid progress in places from the Harlem Children's Zone to East Lake in Atlanta to Parramore Kidz Zone in Orlando, from the 55,000 Degrees campaign in Louisville to Say Yes to Education in Buffalo.

In the face of considerable skepticism, great movements of conscience have been brought to scale. Graduation rates in America have reached the highest level in our nation's history. Efforts to reduce teen pregnancy have been dramatically successful. Teen drug and alcohol abuse, by and large, have been on a steady, long-term decline. More students are attending college. And we have seen the expansion of high-quality early childhood programs and health coverage. We know that broad progress in the lives of young people is possible. We have witnessed it.

The good news: You don't have to

be a hero to be part of the solution. Here are ideas in everyday life:

- The most direct, personal, and influential kind of role? Become a mentor. This type of consistent, unconditional commitment can change the whole world of a child.
- Churches, synagogues, and mosques can establish long-term ties in troubled places, showing the patience that is required for progress.
- Businesses can reach out and identify talented young people, and then give them the training they need. Whenever we hear complaints about the lack of skilled labor, our response is: Grow your own.
- Young people themselves can be part of the equation. Devoting a year after high school or college to serve their community lets them join with others in works of healing.

This cause of helping children become healthy, moral, skilled adults is the cause that will determine the future of our nation. Raising children prepared for lives of accomplishment, self-respect, and contribution is our core responsibility. We can make a difference, one caring adult and one child at a time. **R**



## SNAP CHANGES

Dear Snapchat, I don't care what I look like as a strawberry;  
just give me a filter that makes me look like I showered.

🐦 @MOMMAUNFILTERED



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# PHOTO

OF LASTING  
INTEREST

## **A Nose for History**

Believe it or not, among George Washington's 110 handwritten "rules of civility and decent behavior in company and conversation" was one regarding proper facial expressions: "Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave." No wonder getting his "countenance" just right took nearly 14 years of hammering at Mount Rushmore—and even that wasn't enough time. The design had called for Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Roosevelt to be carved to the waist. But when Congress cut off funding in 1941 and problems with the rock face arose, the construction stopped.

---

*For the backstory on Mount Rushmore and other American icons, turn to page 130.*







FINISH THIS SENTENCE

# You know you're

You can hear a dozen

**different accents**

and five different languages  
in the same block.

**DAN MITTAG**

You see people

**praying in public,**

regardless of denomination,  
because it's the land of the free.

**LINDA PATTERSON**

**You drive**

for ten hours and you're  
still in the same state as  
when you started.

**NANCY TEMPLE**



Menifee, CA

You can

**hear the crack**

of a baseball bat!

**TRACY TRAVIS**

You see the American royal family, aka

**the Kardashians,**

on almost every magazine cover  
at the checkout line.

**WENDY BROYLES**

# in America when ...

People order  
**double  
cheeseburgers,**

large fries—and a Diet Coke.

JACK MICHAEL BATIDUAN

You see the  
**Statue of  
Liberty**

standing beautifully  
in the harbor.

SHERRI ROSEN

Myrtle, MN

Westland, MI

New York, NY

Nappanee, IN

Springfield, IL

Harrisonburg, VA

You walk into  
a successful  
**family-  
owned  
business**

and find out they  
started from  
nothing.

LAUREN YOUNG

Grandview, MO

You hear the daily  
**clip-clop  
of horses**

going by from your  
Amish neighbors.

ESTHER GRABER

Pelzer, SC

It takes  
**longer at the  
DMV**

than it does to get a PhD!

ANDY DAVIS

Denton, TX

**Football**

does not mean soccer.

GARY SALAVA

Riverview, FL

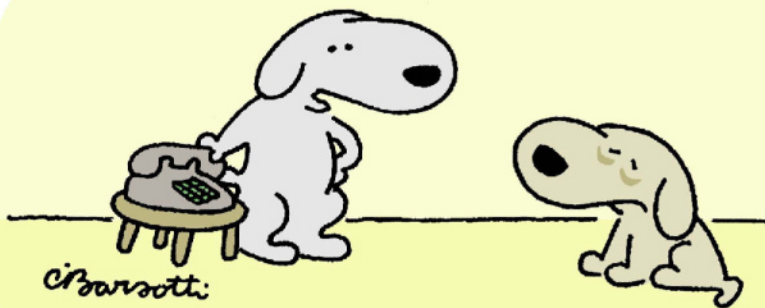
Go to [facebook.com/readersdigest](https://www.facebook.com/readersdigest) or join our  
Inner Circle Community at [tmbinnercircle.com](https://www.tmbinnercircle.com) for  
the chance to finish the next sentence.





# Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



*"He said eat some grass and call him in the morning."*

**AH, MARRIAGE.** Recently I woke up in a particularly good mood. So much so that I felt compelled to look over at my husband and say, "Honey, I love you."

He returned my gaze and asked, "Why? What's the matter?"

KATHLEEN SMITH, *Millis, Massachusetts*

**FEELING THAT I'D HAD** a very productive day, I called my mother

to brag. "What's it like having an awesome daughter?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she replied. "Why don't you ask your grandmother?"

SHERI MUELLER, *Saratoga Springs, Utah*

**I REALIZED** my 17-year-old son was spoiled the day he called to his mother, "Ma, are the clothes in the dryer clean?"

PAUL MILLARD, *Kennebunk, Maine*

**MY FRIEND WENT** to her doctor for a routine exam. First things first: getting weighed. “We have a new digital scale with LED readout,” boasted the nurse. My friend climbed on and was thrilled to see the screen read 127.

“Don’t get too excited,” said the nurse. “That’s the time.”

JANICE HYNE, *Stow, Ohio*

**GIVE YOUR CANINE** a leg up in our dog-eat-dog world by naming him or her after someone famous. Here’s some inspiration collected by care.com:

- Kareem Abdul-Jabbark
- Droolius Caesar
- Woofgang Amadeus Mozart
- Sarah Jessica Barker
- Jimmy Chew

**SOME FRIENDS** joined my husband and me at a diner. Everyone ordered regular coffee except for Joe, who asked for decaf. The waitress returned a few minutes later and set all the coffees down on the table.

“Which one’s the decaf?” Joe asked.

The waitress picked up a cup, took a sip, and said, “This one.”

LAURA METTI, *Bethlehem, Pennsylvania*

**MY WIFE DOES NOT** play golf. But one day she decided to ride in the cart while I shot a round. I teed off on a par 3 and watched as the ball miraculously sailed into the hole. I was beside myself—I’d been

playing for 60 years and never shot a hole in one! My wife was a little less impressed. She asked, “Isn’t that what you’re supposed to do?”

RALPH GREISINGER,  
*Doylestown, Pennsylvania*



## THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A DUMB QUESTION ...

... except for these:

- When I was a sophomore, a girl asked me how to spell *orange*. I spelled it for her, and she said, “No, not the fruit. The color.”
- I was on the bus once, sitting next to my twin brother, and a girl across from us was clearly baffled by our very existence. She asked a few questions about being twins, including “How do you know you’re you?”
- I’m a high school English teacher. One of my students asked me how to spell *worstest*.
- Working in a call center, I answered a call where the customer’s only question was “How do I contact your company by phone?”

From reddit.com

**Got a funny story about friends or family? It could be worth \$\$\$.** For details, see [page 7](#) or go to [rd.com/submit](#).



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ALWAYS  
BE YOU™



# ART of LIVING

## Snap Dynamite Fireworks Photos

An expert's cell phone camera tips

BY JULIANA LABIANCA



**SHOOTING LIGHT OF ANY KIND** can be tricky, and professional photographers would tell you to use a proper camera to best capture fireworks. But that doesn't mean you can't take perfectly good pictures on your smartphone—if you use a few tricks.

■ **Don't touch the zoom.** All it does is crop the photo before you shoot. If you crop it afterward, says Amaduo Diallo, a digital photography instructor at New York's International Center for Photography, "you'll get the same result and can experiment with multiple crops away from the pressure to get the shot."

■ **Turn off the flash.** It has a range of just a few feet and does you no favors when shooting something way up in the sky.

■ **Try a tripod.** Because the settings you'll use for your fireworks photos are extra sensitive to motion (including the unavoidable shaking of your hands), ideally you'll want a tripod. Compact and lightweight options are available for less than \$30.

■ **Control your shutter speed.** On a smartphone, that means downloading an app. Try Camera+ (\$2.99, for iOS) or Camera FV-5 (\$3.95, for Android) and experiment with shutter speeds between half a second and two seconds. The program will take a series of

shots during the time frame you set and blend them to create a single image. This allows you to capture the trailing arc of each firework burst rather than the flash of light your camera would likely catch on its own.



*It may take several shots to get your settings dialed in, so start shooting early.*

■ **Trigger the shutter remotely.** Tapping the screen to take your photos could lead to blurriness. Instead, release the shutter remotely by plugging in headphones to make the volume controls the shutter release.

■ **Stick with it.** "Start shooting early during the show and check your results," says Diallo. "It may take several shots to get everything dialed in, but once you find a combination that works, simply keep those settings and the resulting shots will look great."

■ **Experiment with composition.** Scenic elements add scale and perspective. "Think of those shots with fireworks cascading over the Brooklyn Bridge or exploding dramatically behind the Jefferson Memorial in Washington, DC," Diallo says. **R**



Reader's  
digest

# May We Borrow Your Brain?

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A game where the  
real action took  
place off the field

# Take Me Out to the Blackberry Patch

BY ERNIE JOHNSON JR. FROM THE BOOK *UNSCRIPTED*



ERNIE  
JOHNSON JR.  
is an award-  
winning  
sportscaster  
and host of  
NBC's *Inside  
the NBA*.

IT WAS A FASTBALL, about belt high. I say *fast* meaning it was a straight pitch, not a curveball or a slider. Dads whose sons were in a league of eight-year-olds in the mid-1960s didn't let their sons throw breaking stuff.

I had a good look from my position at shortstop in a game that we, the Vees (don't ask; I don't know), were leading by a couple of runs. That lead was in jeopardy because this fastball was lined over my head, bounced, and cleared the chain-link fence, which no player in our league had ever cleared before.

This hit, a ground-rule double, scored runners from second and third and tied the game. This necessitated a meeting on the mound so our coach could tell us, the infielders, what we should do if the next ball was hit to us.

But before another pitch could be thrown, we had to find two of our outfielders. That fastball had disappeared into the trees and bushes that adorned this part of the park, where no ball had ever gone before. During our meeting on the mound, the left fielder and center fielder apparently had taken it upon themselves to climb the fence and retrieve the ball.



The rest of us Vees sprinted toward them to provide encouragement, or point to where we thought the ball had gone, or simply ask, “Why are you over there?”

As it turns out, the ball had come to rest in plain sight about ten feet past the fence. Our two missing outfielders had seen it. But they had also discovered a blackberry bramble. It was filled with a mother lode of ripe and apparently delicious blackberries. While the infielders were getting chapter and verse from the coach, our left fielder and center fielder were stretching their skinny arms through the bramble, deftly avoiding the menacing thorns, rejoicing in their discovery, and testifying to another reason this game is indeed our national pastime.

I have no memory of how that game turned out. But a game that features a blackberry delay struck a chord with my dad. From that point on, it simply became “the blackberry moment.”

My father was a major-league pitcher in the 1950s, most notably as a reliever for those great Milwaukee Braves teams. As he transitioned from the playing field to the broadcast booth, as the Braves moved from Milwaukee to Atlanta, he was a regular on the banquet and luncheon circuits. If you were a member of the

Kiwanis club, the Optimist International club, the Jaycees, Rotary International, or the Salvation Army, you heard Ernie Johnson Sr. deliver a speech. What it was like to play alongside the likes of Hank Aaron and Eddie Mathews and Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette. What it was like to

pitch to Stan Musial and Ted Williams and Jackie Robinson.

And every once in a while, he’d throw this one in: “And then there was that morning when little Ernie, and he’s seated right down here in front, was playing a peewee game over at Murphey Candler Park ...” And the story of

the blackberry moment would be told by the greatest storyteller I ever knew.

That story has become, in many ways, central to my perspective on work, relaxation—shoot, life. It’s a kind of parable about not being afraid to step away from the game (translated: the job, the meeting, the conference call, the list of e-mails, the seemingly pressing matter at hand) to appreciate the unexpected, unscripted moments.

It’s always the blackberry moments that stand out when I stop to think about the wide variety of sports I’ve had the chance to be part of in the winding course of my career.

In 1998, I was doing track-and-field

---

“

*When I stop to think about it, it’s always the “blackberry moments” that stand out.*

---



play-by-play at the IAAF World Cup in Athletics finals in Johannesburg, South Africa. Know what I remember most about that trip? Not the 100- and 200-meter golds won by Marion Jones, remarkable as they were. No, it was a visit to Soweto a day or two before. Soweto was a focal point in the fight against apartheid. In June 1976, students staged a protest—the Soweto Youth Uprising—that turned deadly as South African authorities opened fire.

I was in a van with a video crew following a busload of U.S. athletes to where a new sports center for kids had been built. I looked out the window at the tiny huts with tin roofs, thinking that it appeared a neighborhood had been built on a landfill.

I have photos of that day in my home office, and every time I look at those snapshots, the feeling of that day returns, and I feel lucky. I have pictures of tiny kids wearing extra-large USA Track & Field T-shirts that nearly touched the ground. There's a picture of me reaching to shake hands with a group of kids, and they're laughing, and so

are their moms and a grandmother.

Oh, that day was marvelous. And as we drove back to our Johannesburg hotel, we saw the sun setting in our rearview mirror so brilliantly that we had to pull over so we could take pictures. It was a spectacular finish to an unforgettable day.

I had to look up the highlights of that track meet, but I will never forget those Soweto images or that sunset. That's what blackberry moments do. I think God has placed blackberry brambles along the paths we walk every day. We just need the eyes to see them, the ears to hear them, and the hearts to detect them.

All that stands in the way is the busyness of life. We're all so focused on sticking to the script from one day to the next, one meeting to the next, one sales call to the next, that we blow right by the unscripted moments that can profoundly impact not just our lives but also the lives of those with whom we share the planet, the workplace, or a home. If there's one thing life has taught me, it's not to fear the unscripted but to embrace it. **R**

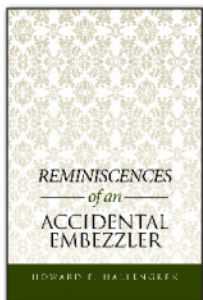
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## LAST ON THE LIST

If a friend offers you a ticket to a concert within two hours of that concert, you're that person's least favorite friend.

 @DAMIENFAHEY



## Reminiscences of an Accidental Embezzler

Howard E. Hallengren

[www.xlibris.com](http://www.xlibris.com)

\$29.99 hc | \$19.99 sc | \$3.99 eb

Set in the cities of Zürich, New York and Los Angeles, this novel follows a young and highly successful Swiss man who tried a seemingly easy embezzlement from a bank, but failed. This forces him on an increasingly risky path, and eventually culminates later in his life in trying to carry out one of the most spectacular embezzlements ever attempted.



## The Smallest Spark

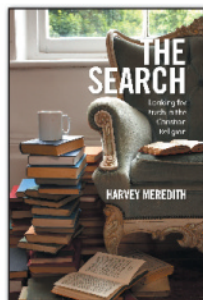
*A World Set Ablaze by a Little Life and a Little Way*

John D. Wright

[www.authorhouse.com](http://www.authorhouse.com)

\$23.99 hc | \$14.95 sc | \$3.99 eb

*The Smallest Spark---A World Set Ablaze by a Little Life and a Little Way* provides an engaging portrayal of one of the strongest real-life women to walk the earth, and powerful insight into the significance of the ordinariness and struggles of our everyday lives. Based on the true story of the hidden life of a young woman who, after her death, would have a tremendous impact on the world of modern times.



## The Search

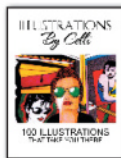
*Looking for truth in the Christian Religion*

Harvey Meredith

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\$29.99 hc | \$19.99 sc | \$3.99 eb

*The Search* is an intense study of the Christian Religion to separate truth from myths, miracles and unbelievable teachings that demand lemming-like believers. The story begins with Jesus, Mary and the apostles using modern research materials. Paul's influence and use of historical religions to define Christianity is noted.



## Illustrations by Celli

*100 Illustrations That Take You There*

Celli

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Pacific Book Review; Bravissimo! I absolutely love this book. A signature style that's reminiscent of the many pop culture including the masters such as Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein. A contemporary book which should adorn the table top.



Turns out that none of the ingredients in our favorite dessert are native to the United States. Yet history made it ours. How?

## As American as Apple Pie?

BY SIMRAN SETHI FROM NPR

☞ THE GRILL GLOWS HOT, the beer is on ice, and the fireworks are ready to burst. There are burgers, potato salad, and, of course, apple pie. But this all-American dessert isn't as homegrown as you'd think. "Not one ingredient in apple pie originates from what we call the United States," says Libby O'Connell, author of *The American Plate: A Culinary History in 100 Bites*. So what's the lineage of this seemingly domestic delight? Chew on this:

■ **THE RECIPE** The British used animal fat, wheat, and water to create airtight pastry shells with the unappetizing name of "coffyns." These savories were usually stuffed with

beef or venison. In America, the shells became flakier (like the strudels made by German immigrants) and the meat fillings were replaced with apples, a way to use up imperfect fruit.

■ **APPLES** The sweet, juicy fruit we use in pie isn't native to North America, which specializes in crab apples. It originated in Kazakhstan. The Romans then crossed it with astringent apples used for making cider. (True tidbit: Johnny "Appleseed" Chapman really did plant orchards around the United States.)

■ **WHEAT** First cultivated more than 9,000 years ago, ancient wheat has been found in Iraq, Iran, and throughout the Middle East. The "king of grains" spread through Europe and then to the New World, where it failed miserably, which is why colonists relied on a Native American staple for baking: corn. In the late 1800s, Russian immigrants brought a wheat variety known as Turkey Red, which was better suited to our climate.

■ **LARD AND BUTTER** Wild boars (the ancestors of lard-producing pigs) are native to Asia, Europe, and Africa. It was actually Christopher Columbus, on his second voyage to the New World in 1493, who brought pigs and cattle, the source of all things dairy.

■ **SUGAR AND SPICES** Columbus also played deliveryman for sugar, which originated about 4,000 years ago in Indonesia, India, China, and what is now Papua New Guinea. Cinnamon comes from an evergreen tree native to Sri Lanka. (The prophet Moses and Rome's emperor Nero are

believed to have eaten it.) The variety most commonly found on supermarket shelves today is cassia cinnamon, which originated in southern China. Cloves and nutmeg, indigenous to the Banda Islands of Indonesia, were considered so precious that Ferdinand Magellan brought 50 tons of them back to Spain after he sailed around the world in 1522.

■ **BECOMING AN AMERICAN "ORIGINAL"** Once all the ingredients were in place, putting them together was as easy as— Well, it wasn't so easy after all. Although the earliest apple pie recipes date to the 1300s, it took nearly 500 years for the dessert to hit it big in the United States. "During the Civil War, both Union and Confederate troops scavenged for apples and commandeered the hearths—and flour bins—of white farmers and black tenants to bake pies," writes John T. Edge in *Apple Pie: An American Story*. "Wartime adversity fixed the taste of apple pie on the palate of generations to come." By 1902, an editorial in the *New York Times* proclaimed that pie had become "the American synonym for prosperity." In the 1920s, the phrase *as American as apple pie* started to appear in print, and by World War II, soldiers declared that they were fighting "for mom and apple pie." Apple pie—wholesome and comforting—had woven itself into the way we see our country. **R**



First diagnosed in Connecticut in 1975, Lyme disease has incognito symptoms that continue to confound doctors

# Homegrown Medical Mystery

BY MARISSA LALIBERTE

**YOU TOOK ALL** the recommended precautions: You wore long sleeves, long pants, and closed-toe shoes for a walk in the woods. You sprayed your clothes with the insecticide permethrin. You even checked your skin for ticks for two days after your hike. And you're relieved that you haven't developed the bull's-eye rash that is the hallmark of Lyme disease.

That means you're in the clear, right?

Not necessarily. In fact, a Lyme rash might not have that typical bull's-eye look; it can be solid red or have a blister in the middle. Some people might not notice a rash if it's under their hair or behind their knee. And about 20 to 30 percent of people with Lyme never get a rash at all.

There are other signs of Lyme,

though they're not always easy to spot either, because the disease can wreak havoc throughout the body. Even only a few weeks after infection, *Borrelia burgdorferi*—the bacteria that causes Lyme—can attack the heart, the nervous system,

the joints, and other parts of the body. From there, it can lead to a number of dangerous conditions.

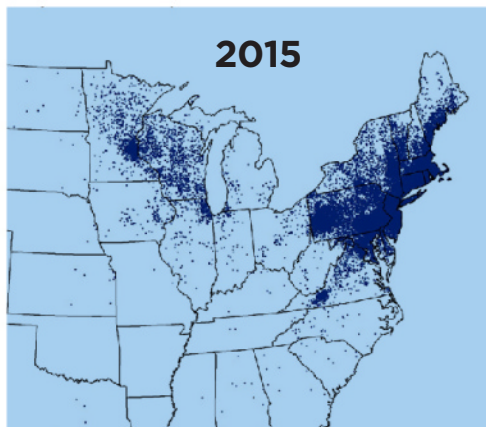
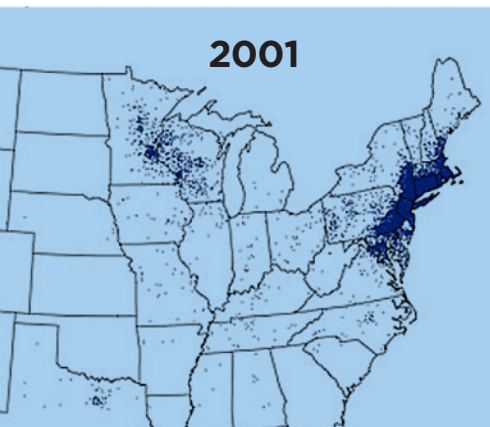
Being aware of the possible symptoms is more important now than ever. About 30,000 cases of Lyme are re-

ported in the United States every year—triple the number reported in the early 1990s. The CDC estimates that about ten times that many people are actually diagnosed with the illness.

People in the Northeast and Upper Midwest are most at risk, with 95 percent of Lyme cases occurring



*A single white-footed mouse could be carrying 50, 60, or even 100 ticks.*



*The number of confirmed and probable Lyme disease cases in the United States more than doubled from 2001 to 2015. In 2015, 95 percent of confirmed cases were in 14 states, as shown above.*

in 14 states in those regions (though Florida and the coast of northern California are also home to a significant number of cases). And this year, the risks may be higher than normal in the Northeast, according to two ecologists from the Cary Institute of Ecosystem Studies and Bard College. Some studies show that most Lyme-bearing ticks in the Northeast get the infection from mice, and research suggests that mice may be thriving because of the development of forests, which has chased away predators such as foxes, hawks, and owls.

What to do? Be vigilant and cautious. If you never saw a bull's-eye rash but you have had a persistent fever, chills, fatigue, or other flu-like symptoms, ask your doctor to test for Lyme disease, and keep an eye out for the following symptoms.

## ACHY JOINTS

Bouts of achy joints can pop up days or even months after a bite. And if you leave Lyme untreated for six months or so, you could develop Lyme arthritis, possibly because dead bacteria from the disease get stuck between joints, causing inflammation. While rheumatoid arthritis usually targets small joints on both sides of your body at first, Lyme arthritis is more like osteoarthritis and most often affects larger joints (though smaller joints may also ache). Plus, it doesn't affect both sides of the body symmetrically, and the pain can travel. Your knee might hurt one day, then your wrist, then your ankle, says Gary Wormser, MD, chief of infectious diseases and vice chairman of the department of medicine at New York Medical College.

## EYE REDNESS OR BLURRY VISION

Vision problems are uncommon but can manifest themselves from three weeks to a few months after Lyme starts. Some people will see redness in the whites of their eyes, similar to pink eye. If the infection spreads to the back of the eye, you might have eye pain, blurry vision, or floaters, says Amesh A. Adalja, MD, a board-certified infectious disease physician and a senior associate at the Johns Hopkins University Center for Health Security.

## SHARP PAIN

If Lyme bacteria inflame your nerves, you could feel sharp, localized pain around your body. Some of the most common areas are the hands and feet, but it can radiate into the arms and legs. There won't be swelling, but you might feel shooting pain or a pins-and-needles sensation.

## NUMBNESS IN THE FACE

Within days or weeks of the earliest symptoms, Lyme can spread to your facial nerves, says Dr. Adalja. You might first feel numbness or tingling and notice a slight loss of muscle tone. Eventually, it could develop into Bell's palsy, in which half or all of your face is paralyzed and droops.

## HEADACHE

If the bacteria spreads to the lining around your brain and spinal cord, you could develop meningitis. "It generally starts as a headache—one of the worst headaches of your life," says Brunilda Nazario, MD, a board-certified internist and endocrinolo-

gist and the associate medical director of WebMD. You could also develop a fever, a mild stiff neck, and sensitivity to light. Your doctor would do a spinal tap to diagnose meningitis and figure out what form of the infection you have. The results would show whether there's a chance it

could be caused by Lyme disease, in which case your doctor might do some blood tests to confirm.

## IRREGULAR HEARTBEAT

Only about 1 percent of Lyme cases reported to the CDC will lead to a cardiac condition known as heart block, but it can be serious. Lyme-induced heart block can happen (usually within days to months after a tick bite) when the bacteria interferes with the electrical signals that tell your ticker when to pump, resulting in an irregular heartbeat. If you feel chest pain, skipped beats, or light-headedness, head straight to the hospital. **R**

“  
*If you've had a fever, chills, or other flu-like symptoms, ask to be tested for Lyme.*



THE TASTE OF APPLES AND STRAWBERRIES.  
THE GREATEST COMBINATION SINCE  
"HECK" MET "YEAH."





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NEWS FROM THE

# World of Medicine

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

## Eat Less Salt to Sleep Better

Many people get up multiple times during the night to pee, which can lead to stress, irritability, and fatigue. A study in Japan found that eating less salt during the day may help. Of the 321 people in the study, 223 reduced their average daily salt intake from 1.8 teaspoons to 1.4 teaspoons and found that they urinated 1.4 times per night, on average, down from 2.3 times. When you eat less salt, you drink less and your body tends to retain less water.

## A Downside of Gluten-Free

In a small University of Illinois study, people on gluten-free diets had almost twice the level of arsenic in their urine and 70 percent more mercury in their blood compared with those who weren't. That's probably because gluten-free products often use rice flour, and rice tends to absorb more metals from

soil, water, and fertilizers than other cereal crops. It's unclear exactly how much of these substances our bodies can tolerate, but long-term exposure to arsenic has been tied to skin, bladder, and lung cancers; mercury can harm the brain and nervous system. To minimize potential issues, diversify your grain intake by eating quinoa, millet, and amaranth.

## Fight Phobias in a Flash

The standard advice for overcoming a fear is to face it. In a recent experiment, two groups of women—one with arachnophobia (fear of spiders) and one without—watched a computer program that flashed tarantula photos for a few microseconds. Brain scans of the arachnophobic women showed that the areas that process fear were active, indicating that they had indeed faced their fear, even though they didn't consciously remember seeing the image. In fact, their fear-processing regions were even more active than when the



PROP STYLIST: PHILIP SHUBIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEVI BROWN

rd.com | 07/08-2017 | 51

women knowingly approached a live tarantula, suggesting that this brief exposure might combat phobias better than traditional exposure therapy.

## Avoiding Carpal Tunnel Surgery

Carpal tunnel syndrome develops when the median nerve (running from the forearm through the wrist to the hand) is compressed, resulting in pain, numbness, tingling—and 400,000 to 500,000 operations a year in the United States. However, in the first study of its kind, women who were randomly assigned to three weeks of physical therapy (supplemented by stretching exercises at home) experienced better pain reduction and hand functioning than those who went under the knife. The researchers suggest trying therapy—which, surprisingly, is not currently an established carpal tunnel treatment—before committing to surgery.

## When the Shoe Doesn't Fit

Feet tend to get wider, longer, and flatter as we age, as a result of supporting our body weight for all those

years. A study from the University of A Coruña in Spain found that 83 percent of participants (adults in their 70s and 80s) were wearing the wrong shoe size. A second study found that a poor fit can lead to bunions and toenail malformations, which can affect walking and balance. The researchers recommended that seniors get their feet remeasured and choose shoes with Velcro straps so they can easily adjust the width.

## Keeping Hair After Chemo

One major concern for the hundreds of thousands of Americans undergoing chemotherapy each year: hair loss. Now a new scalp-cooling device recently approved by the FDA has been shown to reduce the problem in at least half of chemo patients—safely and without interfering with the effectiveness of the treatment. Worn like a shower cap during chemo sessions and for a few hours before and after, the device circulates coolants between its two layers to lower scalp temperature. This constricts blood vessels, which reduces the amount of toxins that make it into the hair. **R**



### ALWAYS ...

... Remember that you are absolutely unique.  
Just like everyone else.

MARGARET MEAD

Reach your  
health goals  
inch by inch



## Get healthy here

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ALL IN

# A Day's Work



*"It's a common error. I'm a bison, but I'm from Buffalo."*

**A FEW YEARS BACK**, stress at work nearly caused my wife to suffer a nervous breakdown. A psychiatrist helped her greatly, and soon she saw him only occasionally to check in. The last time they met, she announced, "I have some good news and some bad news."

"What's the good news?" the doctor asked.

"My company gave me early retirement, so I haven't felt stressed for over a year."

"That's great! What's the bad news?"

"I don't have a job now, so I can't pay you."

D. D. via rd.com


**A LAWYER** told of being at the home of a wealthy divorced couple

as they divvied up possessions. The ex-husband had a wine collection worth millions, which he insisted on keeping. The ex-wife had no objections, and the lawyer soon discovered why. As the movers carted up the collection, she noticed that the ex-wife had steamed off the labels from all the wine bottles.

**URSULENE MCCAMLEY**, *Monument, Colorado*

**A NEW LAW IN FRANCE** gives workers the “right to disconnect” from work e-mail when they are out of the office. The *Week* asked its readers what such legislation might be called if introduced in the United States.

- The Civil Rights Act
- The Emancipation Proclamation
- The Freedom of Information Act
- Social Networking
- The French Disconnection

**R.I.P. JASON.** He starved to death at his desk after he accepted a conference call at noon that would “only take ten minutes.”  @MEETINGBOY

**THE BEST COMEBACK** I’ve ever heard occurred at our store. A customer was complaining to my supervisor about the employees. He was spouting off about how terrible we all were and insisting our company hired only idiots. That was when my boss looked him in the eye and asked, “Would you like an application?”

Source: reddit.com

**MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW’S** coworkers threw a *Biggest Loser* contest to see who could shed the most pounds. Amy wasn’t really interested, but she tossed her \$10 into the pot anyway.

“How much do you plan on losing?” I asked.

Amy muttered, “About \$10.”

**CARL BUSSEY**, *Franklin, Tennessee*



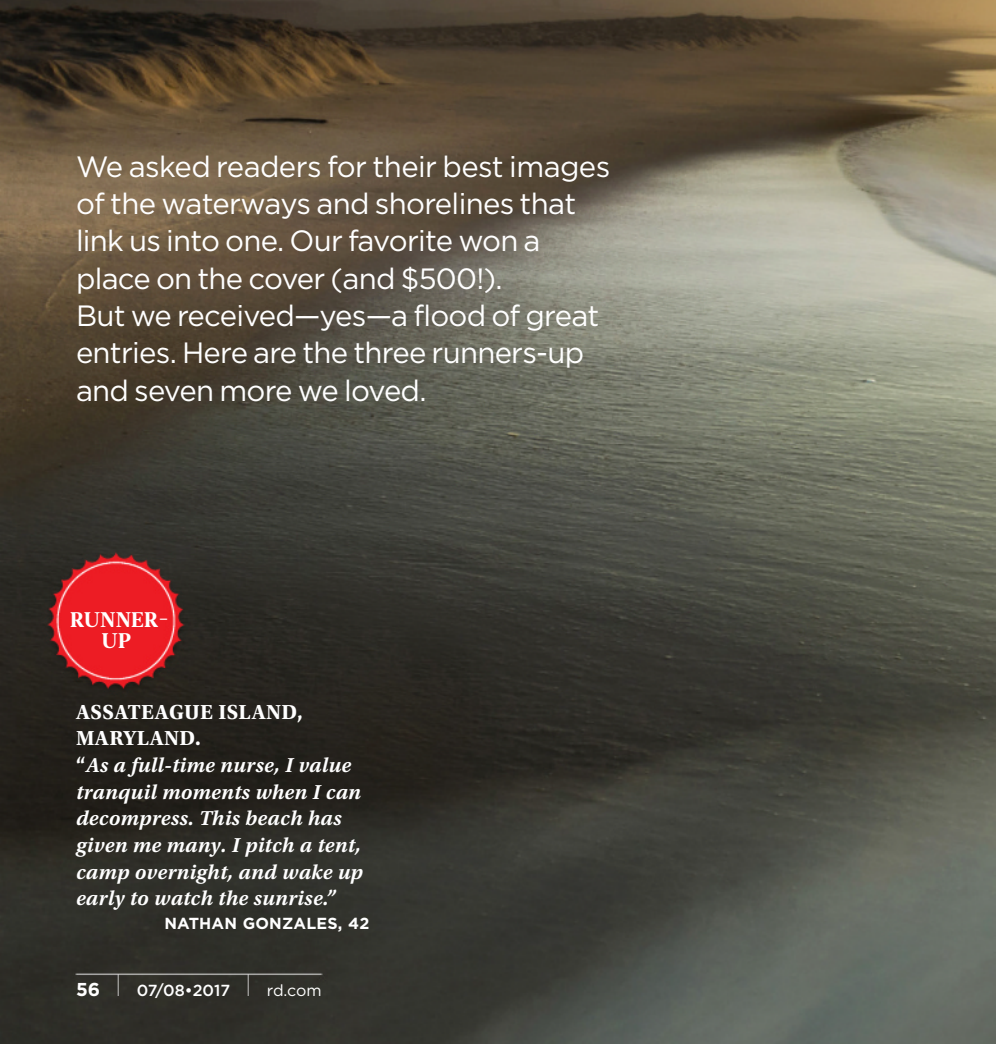
## CLASS ACTS

Since universities first opened their doors, professors have doled out grades to nervous students. Thanks to [ratemyprofessor.com](http://ratemyprofessor.com), the shoe is now on the other foot.

- I have a theory that he harvests the tears of his students so that he can drink them and have eternal life.
- Boring! But I learned there are 137 tiles on the ceiling.
- You can’t cheat in her class, because no one knows the answers.
- If I had one hour left to live, I would spend it in this class because it feels like an eternity.
- She is a breakfast-cereal prof: fruit, nut, and flake.

**Anything funny happen to you at work lately? It could be worth \$\$\$.** For details, see page 7 or go to [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit).

# FROM SEA TO



We asked readers for their best images of the waterways and shorelines that link us into one. Our favorite won a place on the cover (and \$500!). But we received—yes—a flood of great entries. Here are the three runners-up and seven more we loved.

**RUNNER-  
UP**

**ASSATEAGUE ISLAND,  
MARYLAND.**

*"As a full-time nurse, I value tranquil moments when I can decompress. This beach has given me many. I pitch a tent, camp overnight, and wake up early to watch the sunrise."*

**NATHAN GONZALES, 42**

# SHINING SEA







▲ **ABIQUA FALLS, OREGON.**

*"My family and I took a day-trip to these secluded falls. We stumbled upon a fire someone else had left behind, which is why my sister is only pretending to roast a marshmallow."*

**THOMAS ROUSSEAU**

▼ **CLARION RIVER, PENNSYLVANIA.**

*"I took this photo from an abandoned railroad trestle I used to visit a lot during college. My friends and I would bring our guitars and make a day of it. Now I usually go with my brother."*

**JOE LOWREY, 25**



RUNNER-  
UP

▲ **OQUAGA LAKE, NEW YORK.** *"My husband and I have spent our summers here every year since we were married. Before that, he'd been going with his family since he was three. The lake has a way of getting into people's blood."* **TRACY MAINES, 57**



**▲ UTAH LAKE, UTAH.** *“Because a steel mill sat on its shores for more than half a century, Utah Lake has a reputation for being a dirty eyesore. I’ve always disagreed, and I love taking photos here to show people how beautiful it is.”* **CHRISTIAN PEAY, 50**





▲ SOUTH PADRE ISLAND, TEXAS.

*"As my wife and I were leaving a waterfront restaurant, we must've startled this flock of pelicans. They flew off the pier and into the water. Luckily, I had my camera ready."*

ALEX BURROWS, 47

▼ CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE.

*"This historic lighthouse was first lit in 1791 and is named the Portland Head Light. I knew I wanted to photograph it at sunrise. The crashing waves were a welcome addition."*

PATRICK TREPP, 59

RUNNER-  
UP







▲ **CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT STATE PARK, WASHINGTON.** *"I was 12 the first time I visited this peaceful cove. My dad took my siblings and me on a hike and let us think we had found it on our own. It's a magical spot."* DINA BASARAB, 24

▼ **BLUE MOUNTAIN BEACH, FLORIDA.** *"I'm the editor of my high school yearbook, and I love taking photos. I snapped this one of my two best friends on vacation. I had to lie down in the wet sand to get it."* MARGARET DOTSON, 16





▲ **BUFFALO, NEW YORK.** *"I took this photo of a koi pond at the Buffalo and Erie County Botanical Gardens this April. The outdoor grounds weren't quite in bloom, but the indoor aquatic garden was gorgeous."*

KATHLEEN KEEVINS





**IF YOU HAVE  
DIABETES AND  
SHOOTING**

**BURNING**

**PINS AND NEEDLES**

**PAIN IN YOUR FEET  
OR HANDS,**

**ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT  
LYRICA® (pregabalin).**

**Prescription LYRICA is not for everyone.** Tell your doctor right away about any serious allergic reaction that causes swelling of the face, mouth, lips, gums, tongue, throat, or neck or any trouble breathing, rash, hives or blisters. LYRICA may cause suicidal thoughts or actions in a very small number of people. Patients, family members or caregivers should call the doctor right away if they notice suicidal thoughts or actions, thoughts of self harm, or any unusual changes in mood or behavior. These changes may include new or worsening depression, anxiety, restlessness, trouble sleeping, panic attacks, anger, irritability, agitation, aggression, dangerous impulses or violence, or extreme increases in activity or talking. If you have suicidal thoughts or actions, do not stop LYRICA without first talking to your doctor. LYRICA may cause swelling of your hands, legs and feet. Some of the most common side effects of LYRICA are dizziness and sleepiness. Do not drive or work with machines until you know how LYRICA affects you. Other common side effects are blurry vision, weight gain, trouble concentrating, dry mouth, and feeling "high." Also, tell your doctor right away about muscle pain along with feeling sick and feverish, or any changes in your eyesight including blurry vision or any skin sores if you have diabetes. You may have a higher chance of swelling, hives or gaining weight if you are also



**FOR SOME PATIENTS,  
LYRICA CAN PROVIDE  
SIGNIFICANT RELIEF  
FROM DIABETIC  
NERVE PAIN.\***

\*Individual results may vary.



Diabetes damages nerves, which may cause pain.



LYRICA is FDA-approved to treat diabetic nerve pain.

**Important Safety Information (continued)** taking certain diabetes or high blood pressure medicines. Do not drink alcohol while taking LYRICA. You may have more dizziness and sleepiness if you take LYRICA with alcohol, narcotic pain medicines, or medicines for anxiety. If you have had a drug or alcohol problem, you may be more likely to misuse LYRICA. Tell your doctor if you are planning to father a child, if you are pregnant, or plan to become pregnant. Breastfeeding is not recommended while taking LYRICA. Talk with your doctor before you stop taking LYRICA or any other prescription medication.

*Please see Important Risk Information for LYRICA on the following page.*

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit [www.fda.gov/medwatch](http://www.fda.gov/medwatch) or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

Ask your doctor about LYRICA and visit [LYRICA.com](http://LYRICA.com) or call 1-888-9-LYRICA (1-888-959-7422).



**IT'S SPECIFIC TREATMENT FOR DIABETIC NERVE PAIN**



# IMPORTANT FACTS



(LEER-i-kah)  
(pregabalin)

## IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION ABOUT LYRICA

**LYRICA may cause serious, even life threatening, allergic reactions.**

Stop taking LYRICA and call your doctor right away if you have any signs of a serious allergic reaction:

- Swelling of your face, mouth, lips, gums, tongue, throat or neck
- Have any trouble breathing
- Rash, hives (raised bumps) or blisters

**Like other antiepileptic drugs, LYRICA may cause suicidal thoughts or actions in a very small number of people, about 1 in 500.**

Call your doctor right away if you have any symptoms, especially if they are new, worse or worry you, including:

- suicidal thoughts or actions
- new or worse depression
- new or worse anxiety
- feeling agitated or restless
- panic attacks
- trouble sleeping
- new or worse irritability
- acting aggressive, being angry, or violent
- acting on dangerous impulses
- an extreme increase in activity and talking
- other unusual changes in behavior or mood

**If you have suicidal thoughts or actions, do not stop LYRICA without first talking to your doctor.**

**LYRICA may cause swelling of your hands, legs and feet.**

This swelling can be a serious problem with people with heart problems.

**LYRICA may cause dizziness or sleepiness.**

Do not drive a car, work with machines, or do other dangerous things until you know how LYRICA affects you. Ask your doctor when it is okay to do these things.

## ABOUT LYRICA

**LYRICA is a prescription medicine used in adults 18 years and older to treat:**

- Pain from damaged nerves that happens with diabetes or that follows healing of shingles, or spinal cord injury
- Partial seizures when taken together with other seizure medicines
- Fibromyalgia (pain all over your body)

**Who should NOT take LYRICA:**

- Anyone who is allergic to anything in LYRICA

## BEFORE STARTING LYRICA

Tell your doctor about all your medical conditions, including if you:

- Have had depression, mood problems or suicidal thoughts or behavior
- Have or had kidney problems or dialysis
- Have heart problems, including heart failure
- Have a bleeding problem or a low blood platelet count
- Have abused prescription medicines, street drugs or alcohol in the past
- Have ever had swelling of your face, mouth, tongue, lips, gums, neck, or throat (angioedema)
- Plan to father a child. It is not known if problems seen in animal studies can happen in humans.
- Are pregnant, plan to become pregnant. It is not known if LYRICA will harm your unborn baby. You and your doctor will decide whether you should take LYRICA.
- Are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed. LYRICA passes into your breast milk. It is not known if LYRICA can harm your baby. Breastfeeding is not recommended while taking LYRICA.

Tell your doctor about all your medicines. Include over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. LYRICA and other medicines may affect each other causing side effects. Especially tell your doctor if you take:

## BEFORE STARTING LYRICA, continued

- Angiotensin converting enzyme (ACE) inhibitors. You may have a higher chance for swelling and hives.
- Avandia® (rosiglitazone)\*, Avandamet® (rosiglitazone and metformin)\* or Actos® (pioglitazone)\*\* for diabetes. You may have a higher chance of weight gain or swelling of your hands or feet.
- Narcotic pain medicines (such as oxycodone), tranquilizers or medicines for anxiety (such as lorazepam). You may have a higher chance for dizziness and sleepiness.
- Any medicines that make you sleepy.

## POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF LYRICA

LYRICA may cause serious side effects, including:

- See “Important Safety Information About LYRICA.”
- Muscle problems, pain, soreness or weakness along with feeling sick and fever
- Eyesight problems including blurry vision
- Weight gain. Weight gain may affect control of diabetes and can be serious for people with heart problems.
- Feeling “high”

If you have any of these symptoms, tell your doctor right away.

The most common side effects of LYRICA are:

- Dizziness
- Blurry vision
- Weight gain
- Sleepiness
- Trouble concentrating
- Swelling of hands and feet
- Dry mouth

If you have diabetes, you should pay extra attention to your skin while taking LYRICA.

## HOW TO TAKE LYRICA

### Do:

- Take LYRICA exactly as your doctor tells you. Your doctor will tell you how much to take and when to take it. Take LYRICA at the same times each day.
- Take LYRICA with or without food.

### Don't:

- Drive a car or use machines if you feel dizzy or sleepy while taking LYRICA.
- Drink alcohol or use other medicines that make you sleepy while taking LYRICA.
- Change the dose or stop LYRICA suddenly. If you stop taking LYRICA suddenly you may have headaches, nausea, diarrhea, trouble sleeping, increased sweating, or you may feel anxious. If you have epilepsy, you may have seizures more often.
- Start any new medicines without first talking to your doctor.

## NEED MORE INFORMATION?

- Ask your doctor or pharmacist. This is only a brief summary of important information.
- Go to [www.lyrica.com](http://www.lyrica.com) or call 1-866-459-7422 (1-866-4LYRICA).

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# THE Wackiest Law IN EVERY STATE

From snowball throwing to greased-pig chases, legislators will prohibit most anything you can imagine

BY BRANDON SPEKTOR

## » ALABAMA

It is a misdemeanor to wear a mask in public, unless you're part of a parade or masquerade ball. In 2003, a man was arrested for wearing a bandanna over his nose.

## » ALASKA

It is illegal to be drunk ... in a bar. State law says a person who is already drunk may not "knowingly" enter a bar to drink

more—or remain in the bar that got him or her drunk in the first place.

## » ARIZONA

Do not feed garbage to a pig unless you have a permit. Exception: If you are fattening your own pig for consumption, go for it.

## » ARKANSAS

It is prohibited to mispronounce the word



*Arkansas*. Per the state code, the only acceptable pronunciation is “in three (3) syllables, with the final ‘s’ silent, the ‘a’ in each syllable with the Italian sound, and the accent on the first and last syllables.” Don’t worry—the only punishment is shame.

### » CALIFORNIA

Frogs that die in frog-jumping contests may not be eaten. When a croaker croaks in the midst of competition, the law demands that it “be destroyed as soon as possible.”

### » COLORADO

In Aspen, snowballs are as dangerous as torpedoes. Per city code, it is “unlawful to throw any stones, snowballs, or discharge guns and other missiles.”

### » CONNECTICUT

We got trouble, right here in Rocky Hill, with a capital *T* and that rhymes with *p*, and that stands for *pinball*. According to the town code, no person, club, or business may own more than four “mechanical amusement devices” (including pinball, arcade, and other

“machine games of skill”) in order to protect “the health, safety, and morals” of the citizenry.

### » DELAWARE

Just kidding, Reverend! In Delaware, a marriage can be annulled if either party entered into it as a “jest or dare.”

### » FLORIDA

All state-funded schools educating children under age five are required to play classical music for students every single day.

### » GEORGIA

The Georgia coastline is a lovely place for boating, but y’all better not overstay your welcome. The law limits houseboating anywhere in the state to 90 days; just a few years ago, it was only 30 days.

### » HAWAII

Owning a hamster is illegal, out of fear that it could “establish huge colonies” or potentially compete with endangered or protected species for food and shelter.



### » IDAHO

Idaho may be the only state with a law explicitly banning cannibalism on its books. The punishment is up to 14 years in prison, though there is one notable exception: when “the action was taken under extreme life-threatening conditions as the only apparent means of survival.”

### » ILLINOIS

Dangling fuzzy dice are prohibited in your car. While driving, it is illegal to have “any objects placed or suspended between the driver and the front windshield.”

### » INDIANA

Thanks to a blue law that’s still on the books, you can’t buy cold beer





at a grocery or convenience store, nor can you buy cold soda at a liquor store.

### » IOWA

I Can't Believe It's Not a Felony! Any person who attempts to pass off margarine, oleo, or oleo-margarine as real butter is guilty of a simple misdemeanor, punishable by up to 30 days in jail or a fine of up to \$625.

### » KANSAS

Attention, catfish hunters: Noodling—aka catching catfish with your bare hands—is illegal statewide except in two specified rivers (and in those, it's permitted only from June 15 to August 31).

### » KENTUCKY

Since 1891, as part of their standard oath, all public officials and attorneys have had to swear that they “have not fought a duel with deadly weapons” in any state nor acted as the second in someone else’s duel.

### » LOUISIANA

Do not mess with someone else’s crawdads in Baton

Rouge—they are protected under law. Commercial crayfish theft of less than \$100 can earn crustacean-nappers up to six months in prison, a \$500 fine, or both.

### » MAINE

It is forbidden to post advertisements on tombstones in the city of Wells. This is for the best; the deceased are notoriously poor shoppers.

### » MARYLAND

Do not swear or curse on any street or highway in the city of Rockville. Foul the airwaves, and you could find yourself kicking in \$100 to the local swear jar.

### » MASSACHUSETTS

Don’t even think about getting your groove on to “The Star-Spangled Banner.” Thanks to an exceedingly patriotic 1917 law, dancing to Francis Scott Key’s best-known work is strictly prohibited statewide. What would such a dance even look like? Good question.

### » MICHIGAN

When it’s time to move on, it’s time to move on. In Michigan, the “cohabitation of divorced parties” can result in a four-year prison sentence. (Premarital cohabitation is also a no-no, though a new bill may soon repeal that decades-old ban.)

### » MINNESOTA

Since 1971, it has been considered a misdemeanor to operate, run, or participate in any activity where a pig is oiled up and released with the object of being recaptured. The same goes for the pastime known as “turkey scrambles.”

### » MISSISSIPPI

The final state to repeal Prohibition, Mississippi legally allows drinking

while driving—so long as drivers don't surpass a .08 percent blood alcohol level and county law doesn't conflict.

## » MISSOURI

It is a class A misdemeanor to engage in, promote, or even advertise the sport of ... bear wrestling. (We'll tell you the punishment for fighting Yogi once you heal from your boo-boos.)

## » MONTANA

Driving animals such as sheep onto railroad tracks with the intent "to injure the corporation or persons owning the railroad" can net you a \$50,000 fine or up to five years in prison. Yeah, herds hurt.

## » NEBRASKA

Just because a drug is illegal doesn't mean it's not taxable. In Nebraska, anyone buying or selling an illegal drug is required to pay a sort of sales tax—\$100 per ounce of marijuana, \$150 per gram of cocaine. And he or she must get a stamp proving payment! (Truth be told, it's a rather clever law: Anyone arrested for drug possession is also charged with tax

evasion if the stash doesn't have the stamp.)

## » NEVADA

Say what you will about the vice and commercialism of Vegas—at least Nevada is looking out for your feet. It's illegal to use an X-ray device to determine someone's shoe size in the state.

## » NEW HAMPSHIRE

This is not the place to go if you want to have an affair. State laws prohibit registering at a hotel under an assumed name.

## » NEW JERSEY

"Jersey girls don't pump gas," the T-shirt reads—because they legally can't. State code strictly prohibits self-service gas stations, in order to provide "increased safety and convenience" at the pump. The cost of DIY dissent? No less than \$50.

## » NEW MEXICO

Tied election? Bust out the playing cards. A statute in the New Mexico

Constitution says that any tie vote in a municipal election should be broken "by drawing an impartial lot"—that is, a game of chance agreed upon by the candidates. In practice, elections have been settled by coin tosses, high-card draws, and, yes, even a hand of poker. James Farrington was reelected mayor of Estancia in 1998 by drawing an ace-high flush.

## » NEW YORK

If you order a buttered bagel in the Big Apple, fuhgeddabout getting a square deal: "Altered" bagels (buttered, toasted, served with cream cheese, etc.) carry a 4 percent state sales



tax. Plain sliced bagels are tax-free.

## » NORTH CAROLINA

Be careful what you put in your doggie bag: It is a felony to steal more than \$1,000 worth of grease and its container in the Tar Heel State.

## » NORTH DAKOTA

It is illegal to display a red, white, or blue striped barber pole unless you are a licensed barber. To do so otherwise could be prosecuted as a “deceptive act.”

## » OHIO

Operators of underground coal mines must provide “an adequate supply of toilet paper” with each toilet. Question: Why does the letter of the law stop at coal mines?

## » OKLAHOMA

Can Sooners prank their horses? The law says *neigh*. In OK, it is absolutely *not* OK to promote, engage in, or be employed by a “horse tripping” event.

## » OREGON

It is illegal to take a joyride on the hood of

a moving vehicle ... but only if you are younger than 18.

## » PENNSYLVANIA

You cannot legally use milk crates for anything other than carrying milk. The maximum fine for “prohibited use of containers” is \$300, though considering that the International Dairy Foods Association estimates that dairy companies lose about \$80 million to \$100 million in milk-crate theft every year, the fine seems like a drop in the milk bucket.

## » RHODE ISLAND

The state’s “false personation” laws specifically deem it unlawful to impersonate an auctioneer. The penalty: a fine ranging from \$20 to \$100. Kids, choose your Halloween costumes accordingly.

## » SOUTH CAROLINA

It is a misdemeanor to “cut, collect, break” or destroy a Venus flytrap. The carnivorous plant is native to bogs in the state and has become the object of a thriving black market botany ring. Get caught

peddling one and you can expect a fine of up to \$200 and 30 days in the idiot-trap (that is, prison).

## » SOUTH DAKOTA

Farmers here may set off “explosives, pyrotechnics, or fireworks” to scare birds away from their sunflower crops, but only if they are 660 feet away from the nearest church, home, or schoolhouse.

## » TENNESSEE

Panhandlers in Memphis must apply for a permit before panhandling. This formality used to cost the destitute \$10. Today, it’s free.

## » TEXAS

Houston, we have a ballot: Thanks to legislation passed in 1997, Texan astronauts may vote remotely from space.

## » UTAH

Showing off your impeccable balance could be an infraction. In this state, anyone riding a bicycle or moped must legally keep at least one hand on the handlebars at all times.

**>> VERMONT**

A state law declares that there will never be a law prohibiting the use of clotheslines. Good to know.

**>> VIRGINIA**

Is your loogie legal? It is a class 4 misdemeanor to “spit, expectorate, or deposit any sputum, saliva, [or] mucus” in Virginia’s public places, indoors or out.

**>> WASHINGTON**

In two counties, it is illegal to poach a Sasquatch. In 1991, Whatcom County declared its roughly 1.34 million acres of land an official Sasquatch protection and refuge area. Skamania County, meanwhile, has considered Bigfoot poaching

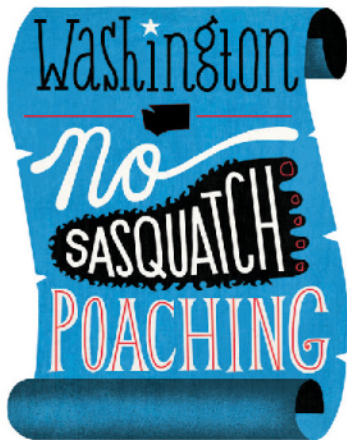
a gross misdemeanor since 1984. The crime is punishable by a \$1,000 fine or a year in jail.

**>> WEST VIRGINIA**

Anyone who uses a ferret instead of a hunting dog to “hunt, catch, take, kill, injure, or pursue” a wild animal is subject to a \$100 penalty.

**>> WISCONSIN**

Bolstering its reputation as “America’s Dairyland,” Wisconsin law demands that cheese produced in the state be “highly pleasing,” whatever that means. (Also, cows have the right-of-way on all highways.)

**>> WYOMING**

Purchasing scrap “metals, rubber, rags, or paper” from an intoxicated person is prohibited. If you remember one thing when visiting the Equality State: Never buy a hunk of junk from a drunk. **R**

**A LIST OF THINGS THAT ARE INVISIBLE:**

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)
- 4)
- 5)

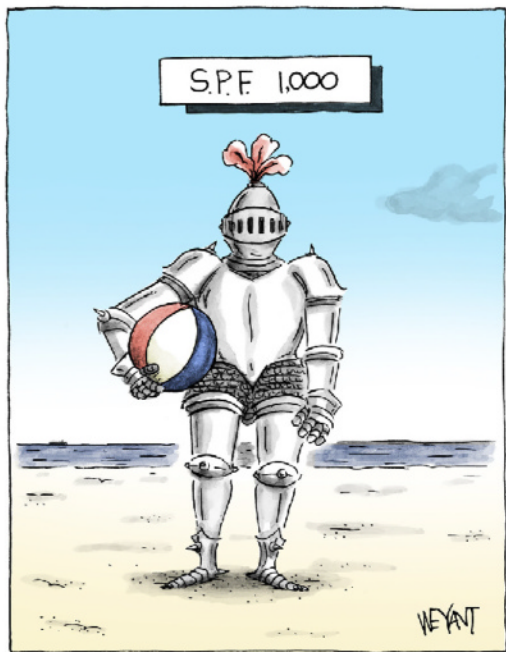
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# Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



**WHICH COLONISTS** told the following Fourth of July groaners? *The Punnsylvaniaans.*

■ Who was the biggest jokester in George Washington's army? *Laughayette.*

■ What did one flag say to the other flag? *Nothing. It just waved.*

■ What ghost haunted King George III? *The spirit of '76.*

■ How come there are no knock-knock jokes about America? *Because freedom rings.*

■ What would you get if you crossed George Washington with cattle feed? *The Fodder of Our Country.*

■ What quacks, has webbed feet, and betrays his country? *Beneduck Arnold.*

**TOPPING MARC'S BUCKET LIST** was parachuting from a plane. "Don't worry," the instructor tells him. "You have a main chute, which will open automatically, and a reserve chute just in case. When you land, there'll be a truck waiting to pick you up."

Reassured, Marc leaps out of the plane, but his parachute doesn't open. He deploys the reserve. That fails too. As he plummets to earth, Marc says in disgust, "Just as I thought: The truck's not there either!"

*Submitted by WILLIAM CHILDRESS,  
Atascadero, California*

**GET MARRIED** and have kids so that you can be woken up at 4:56 a.m. on a Saturday by someone asking what the opposite of *j* is. [@CRAY\\_AT\\_HOME\\_MA](#)

**WHEN I CAME HOME** from playing golf, my wife had left a note on the fridge. "It's not working!" she wrote. "I can't take it anymore. Gone to stay with my mother."

I opened the fridge. The light came on, and the beer was cold. I never did find out what she was talking about.

*Submitted by W. C. via rd.com*

**A MAN LOSES HIS DOG**, so he puts an ad in the paper, and the ad says: "Here, boy."

*Comedian SPIKE MILLIGAN*

Your funny joke, list, or quote might be worth \$\$\$.

For details, see page 7 or go to [rd.com/submit](#).

## PUT IT IN MY CART

Many product reviews on Amazon are helpful, and others are jokes—literally. These products are real; the reviews are a real hoot.

### The Hutzler 571 Banana Slicer

"What can I say about the 571 Banana Slicer that hasn't already been said about the wheel, penicillin, or the iPhone? My husband and I would argue constantly over who had to cut the day's banana slices: 'You think I have the energy to slave over your @#\$\$ bananas?' 'I worked a 12-hour shift just to come home to THIS?!' The minute I heard our six-year-old reenacting our daily banana fight with her Barbie dolls, I knew we had to make a change. That's when I found the 571 Banana Slicer. Our marriage has never been healthier."



### BIC Pen

"Worked fine with my right hand, but when I used my left hand my writing came out looking like the work of an imbecile. I assume BIC created a right-handed-only pen."



### UFO Detector

"One star is too much for this product. I don't know if this is a scam or what, but it doesn't work and I am still getting abducted by UFOs."

*From rd.com*



# IS YOUR BLADDER ALWAYS DISRUPTING YOUR DAY?

Ask your doctor about Myrbetriq® (mirabegron), the first and only overactive bladder (OAB) treatment in its class. Myrbetriq treats OAB symptoms of urgency, frequency, and leakage in adults.

In clinical trials, those taking Myrbetriq made fewer trips to the bathroom and had fewer leaks than those not taking Myrbetriq. Your results may vary.



**You may be able to get your first prescription at no cost with Momentum.\* Visit [Myrbetriq.com](http://Myrbetriq.com).**

## USE OF MYRBETRIQ (meer-BEH-trick)

Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) is a prescription medicine for adults used to treat overactive bladder (OAB) with symptoms of urgency, frequency, and leakage.

## IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

Myrbetriq is not for everyone. Do not use Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any ingredients in Myrbetriq. Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq.

**Please see additional Important Safety Information on next page.**

\*Subject to eligibility. Restrictions may apply.



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## IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION (continued)

Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream.

Myrbetriq may cause allergic reactions that may be serious. If you experience swelling of the face, lips, throat or tongue, with or without difficulty breathing, stop taking Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including medications for overactive bladder or other medicines such as thioridazine (Mellaril™ and Mellaril-S™), flecainide (Tambacor®), propafenone (Rythmol®), digoxin (Lanoxin®). Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Before taking Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you have liver or kidney problems. The most common side effects of Myrbetriq include increased blood pressure, common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis), urinary tract infection, constipation, diarrhea, dizziness, and headache.

**For further information, please talk to your healthcare professional and see Brief Summary of Prescribing Information for Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) on the following pages.**

**You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit [www.fda.gov/medwatch](http://www.fda.gov/medwatch) or call 1-800-FDA-1088.**

 **Myrbetriq®**  
(mirabegron)  
extended-release tablets  
25 mg, 50 mg





## Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) extended-release tablets 25 mg, 50 mg

### Brief Summary based on FDA-approved patient labeling

Read the Patient Information that comes with Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) before you start taking it and each time you get a refill. There may be new information. This summary does not take the place of talking with your doctor about your medical condition or treatment.

#### What is Myrbetriq (meer-BEH-trick)?

Myrbetriq is a prescription medication for **adults** used to treat the following symptoms due to a condition called **overactive bladder**:

- urge urinary incontinence: a strong need to urinate with leaking or wetting accidents
- urgency: a strong need to urinate right away
- frequency: urinating often

It is not known if Myrbetriq is safe and effective in children.

#### Who should not use Myrbetriq?

Do not use Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any of the ingredients in Myrbetriq. See the end of this leaflet for a complete list of ingredients in Myrbetriq.

#### What is overactive bladder?

Overactive bladder occurs when you cannot control your bladder contractions. When these muscle contractions happen too often or cannot be controlled, you can get symptoms of overactive bladder, which are urinary frequency, urinary urgency, and urinary incontinence (leakage).

#### What should I tell my doctor before taking Myrbetriq?

Before you take Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you:

- have liver problems or kidney problems
- have very high uncontrolled blood pressure
- have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if Myrbetriq will harm your unborn baby. Talk to your doctor if you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant.
- are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed. It is not known if Myrbetriq passes into your breast milk. You and your doctor should decide if you will take Myrbetriq or breastfeed. You should not do both.

**Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take**, including prescription and nonprescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Tell your doctor if you take:

- thioridazine (Mellaril™ or Mellaril-S™)
- flecainide (Tambocor®)
- propafenone (Rythmol®)
- digoxin (Lanoxin®)

#### How should I take Myrbetriq?

- Take Myrbetriq exactly as your doctor tells you to take it.
- You should take 1 Myrbetriq tablet 1 time a day.
- You should take Myrbetriq with water and swallow the tablet whole.
- Do not crush or chew the tablet.
- You can take Myrbetriq with or without food.
- If you miss a dose of Myrbetriq, begin taking Myrbetriq again the next day. Do not take 2 doses of Myrbetriq the same day.
- If you take too much Myrbetriq, call your doctor or go to the nearest hospital emergency room right away.

#### What are the possible side effects of Myrbetriq?

Myrbetriq may cause serious side effects including:

- **increased blood pressure.** Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq.

- **inability to empty your bladder (urinary retention).** Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder if you have bladder outlet obstruction or if you are taking other medicines to treat overactive bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you are unable to empty your bladder.
- **angioedema.** Myrbetriq may cause an allergic reaction with swelling of the lips, face, tongue, throat with or without difficulty breathing. Stop using Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

The **most common side effects** of Myrbetriq include:

- increased blood pressure
- common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis)
- urinary tract infection
- constipation
- diarrhea
- dizziness
- headache

Tell your doctor if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away or if you have swelling of the face, lips, tongue, or throat, hives, skin rash or itching while taking Myrbetriq.

These are not all the possible side effects of Myrbetriq.

For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

**Call your doctor for medical advice about side effects. You may report side effects to the FDA at 1-800-FDA-1088.**

#### **How should I store Myrbetriq?**

- Store Myrbetriq between 59°F to 86°F (15°C to 30°C). Keep the bottle closed.
- Safely throw away medicine that is out of date or no longer needed.

#### **Keep Myrbetriq and all medicines out of the reach of children.**

#### **General information about the safe and effective use of Myrbetriq**

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for purposes other than those listed in the Patient Information leaflet. Do not use Myrbetriq for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give Myrbetriq to other people, even if they have the same symptoms you have. It may harm them.

#### **Where can I go for more information?**

This is a summary of the most important information about Myrbetriq. If you would like more information, talk with your doctor. You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about Myrbetriq that is written for health professionals.

For more information, visit [www.Myrbetriq.com](http://www.Myrbetriq.com) or call (800) 727-7003.

#### **What are the ingredients in Myrbetriq?**

**Active ingredient:** mirabegron

**Inactive ingredients:** polyethylene oxide, polyethylene glycol, hydroxypropyl cellulose, butylated hydroxytoluene, magnesium stearate, hypromellose, yellow ferric oxide and red ferric oxide (25 mg Myrbetriq tablet only).

#### **Rx Only**

PRODUCT OF JAPAN OR IRELAND – See bottle label or blister package for origin

Marketed and Distributed by:

**Astellas Pharma US, Inc.**  
Northbrook, Illinois 60062

 **Myrbetriq<sup>®</sup>**  
(mirabegron)  
**extended release tablets**  
**25 mg, 50 mg**

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Revised: August 2016

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A recovered account of World War II opens a grandson's eyes to how the sacrifice of one altered the fate of many

# The Price Of



# FREE

BY BEN MONTGOMERY FROM GANGREY.COM



*My grandfather  
(back row,  
second from left),  
with his  
squadron*

DOM





**THE OTHER DAY** I was searching for something behind my desk, and I found an envelope. My dad's funeral, in November 2011, had been kind of a blur, but I remembered a teacher from Kellyville High School in the Ohio community where my dad grew up pushing an envelope into my hands that day. I must've taken it out of my briefcase when I got back, and somehow it had slipped into the crevice between my desk and the wall, unopened.

Now I read the teacher's handwritten note on the outside. She explained that inside was a speech given by my grandfather about two decades before. He didn't much like talking about the war, but he had agreed to be the school's Veterans Day speaker. The teacher had loved my grandpa, who had died two weeks before my father, and she thought I should have his speech. Her kind note concluded: *He received an awesome standing ovation, and many tears were shed by guests and students. In loving memory of your grandpa.*

I began reading my grandfather's war story, which I had never heard.

**IN MY SENIOR YEAR**, in 1941, I was seated about where you are seated. I was 17. Your history books will tell you that on December 7 of that year, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. I enlisted in the Army Air Corps and was commissioned a second lieutenant. I began training to fly the B-29 bomber, and I was stationed in the Mariana Islands in the western Pacific, bombing targets on the mainland of Japan, 1,500 miles away.

On July 19, 1945, we made a bombing run on the Mitsubishi aircraft factory in Osaka, Japan. My good friend Bob Johnson from Minnesota was on another crew, and he was flying on the plane behind us as our wingman. There were 42 planes in the formation, each carrying three

4,000-pound bombs. As we neared the target, the Japanese attack on us began in earnest. It was so heavy I believed



*My grandfather Paul Montgomery*



*The Victory Girl, adorned with the image of “a tastefully dressed beautiful young lady” painted by the right gunner, Milton Gross from Philadelphia*

you could get out and walk on it.

About 30 seconds from “bombs away,” Bob Johnson’s plane took a direct hit and exploded. From my limited visibility, I could not see the fate of the crewmen or their parachutes. I only saw huge pieces of their aircraft fly by. On my plane, we took a hit in our No. 3 engine and headed for home. Home that day was a little coral island called Iwo Jima. As we were taxiing in, you could see the price we’d paid for that tiny island—7,000 crosses marked the graves of U.S. Marines and infantrymen along the runway.

My heart was heavy, not knowing what happened to Bob. I was 21, and I thought I was tough, but I could hardly see the taxiway because of the tears in my eyes.

Then we had a day or two off, and our squadron commander gave us permission to paint a logo on our aircraft. We all voted for the right gunner, Milton Gross from Philadelphia, to paint the picture. He chose to paint the picture of a tastefully dressed beautiful young lady. We called our aircraft the *Victory Girl*.

On September 2, 1945, we flew

cover for Gen. Douglas MacArthur as he steamed into Tokyo Bay aboard the USS *Missouri* and signed the declaration of peace with the Japanese. The war was over. I got home on Thanksgiving Day.

In 1995, the crew of the *Victory Girl* decided to have a reunion. I was retired, living on a ranch near Slick, Oklahoma. I flew to Pennsylvania, walked into a Holiday Inn conference room, and saw a crew I had not seen in 50 years. We were all wrinkles, baldness, and aches and pains, and we were missing four crew members.

An enlarged picture of our original crew was shown, and I said I'd like to know what had happened to Bob Johnson. I'd been wondering about him all these years. You could have heard a pin drop. A tear fell on the old photograph.

"You don't know, do you?" one of the men asked.

"No," I said. "I couldn't see."

"Well, we saw," he said. "All the chutes came out 'streamers'"—which meant that Bob's plane had been destroyed.

The book was closed on Bob Johnson. At least now I knew.

We went around the room, each man taking time to relate what had happened in the 50 years that had

passed. When it was Milton Gross's turn, he passed around pictures of his family. He said when he got home, he enrolled in the Philadelphia Institute of Art. One night, he went to a party. He walked in and saw a beautiful blond-haired, blue-eyed girl, about 20 years old: his real-life *Victory Girl*.

He introduced himself. They began to date, and in due time, he asked her to marry him.

But the real story is how she came to be at that party.

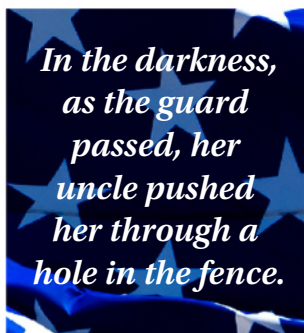
Ten years earlier, when she was ten years old, she was a Jew living in a small village in occupied France. One night the Germans kicked in the door of her house and found a young mother making supper for a daughter. Her mother was shot point-blank,

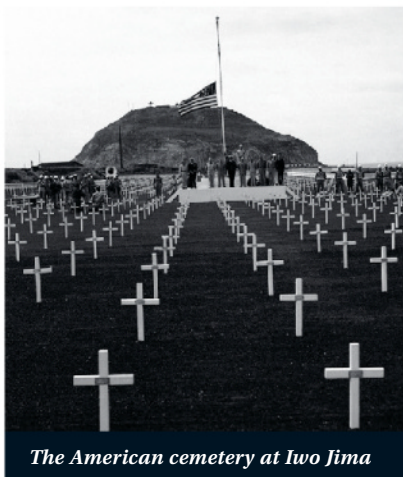
and the girl was thrown into a German army truck, driven to a prison compound, and tagged for the gas chamber. How you can exterminate a little girl, I don't know.

She was sitting in the barracks on the eve of being sent to a concentration camp when a man came up to her in the darkness and asked her a question. "Are you Sarah Pertofsky?"

She said, "Yes."

The man said, "I'm your uncle, and I have around my neck a green dog tag. I'm a Jew and a machinist, and they





*The American cemetery at Iwo Jima*

are keeping me for work. You have a red dog tag, and that's not good. I'm going to trade tags with you."

So he took her tag and placed his around her neck.

"Let's go outside," he said. "I need to show you something."

Outside, he pointed to the Big Dipper and showed her how its lip points to the North Star.

"Here's what I want you to do," he said. "I've found a hole in the fence just big enough for a little girl to squeeze through. When the guard passes the hole in the fence, I will push you through, and I want you to put that North Star over your shoulder and keep it there and go. You'll be headed south. I want you to run straight south for three days until you come to a village called Monet. My wife lives

there, and she will take care of you."

In the darkness, they crept to the fence, and as the guard passed, her uncle handed her three crusts of bread that he'd saved, and he pushed her through. Sarah ran across the road, hid in a clump of tall grass, and turned and waved goodbye to him. Then she ran and ran and ran, all night long. When morning came, she stopped and licked some dew off the grass and ate one of the crusts of bread. Then she went off again, straight south. She stopped to drink water from a creek but kept going. On the third afternoon, she saw an old farmer hoeing a field. Sarah ran up to him and cried, "Monet? Monet?"

"Yes," he said. "I know Monet."

He brought her to that village, and they found her aunt. The aunt took her in, raised her, and put her through school. Sarah was living and working in Philadelphia when Milton Gross, my right gunner, walked into that party. The two of them now live there, they have three children, and they enjoy their life together.

What's the price of freedom? All the Bob Johnsons, all those crosses along the taxiway on an island in the Pacific, and all the lives lost during that war. They paid for us and paid with their lives. And the uncle and mother of Sarah Pertofsky—they paid the price for a little ten-year-old girl. Oh, what a price.

To you, it's free. Hold it high. **R**



# Laugh Lines

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Taking my underwear to the water park (doing laundry).

🐦@APARNAPKIN (APARNA NANCHERLA)

Camping tip: If you get lost in the woods, a compass can help you get lost more north.

🐦@THETHRYLL (WILL PHILLIPS)

Sometimes I just want to go live alone in the woods and meditate, but other times I think that'd be Thoreauing my life away.

🐦@RACHELLE\_MANDIK

If you're too busy to go fishing, you're too busy. **OLD SAYING**

There are beach people, mountain people, lake people, and ocean people. I am a hotel person.

JOHN KELLY,  
*columnist*

You know what they say: You don't have to swim faster than a shark. You just have to swim faster than the person you're with.

KEVIN NEALON



# ADVANCED HEARING AID TECHNOLOGY

## Costs 90% Less

*"I was amazed! Sounds I hadn't heard  
in years came back to me!"*

— Don, January 2016

**How can a Hearing Aid be every bit as good as one that sells for \$4,000 or more, yet costs 90% less?**

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Although tremendous strides have been made in Advanced Hearing Aid Technology, those cost reductions have not been passed on to you. Until now...

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Over 75,000 satisfied AIR customers agree: High quality FDA registered hearing aids don't have to cost a fortune.

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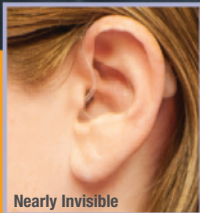
Hearing is believing and we invite you to try this nearly invisible hearing aid with no annoying whistling or background noise for yourself.

If you are not completely satisfied, simply return it within that time period for a **100% refund of your purchase price.**

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**BIG SOUND.  
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**BATTERIES  
INCLUDED!**

**READY TO USE  
RIGHT OUT OF  
THE BOX!**




DRAMA IN REAL LIFE

# LOST IN



The author was looking forward to a day of hiking with her husband in a beautiful Texas state park. Four days later, she found herself starving, dangerously dehydrated—and alone.





# BIG BEND

BY CATHY FRYE FROM THE  
*ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT-GAZETTE*





**M**Y LOVE AFFAIR with the Chihuahuan Desert of western Texas began in 1996, during my time as a reporter at the *Odessa American*. The Big Bend—named for a sharp turn in the Rio Grande—was part of my coverage area. I loved the silence, the night sky so dark and clear, the constant surprise of finding small, brilliant blooms scattered along the desert floor. My husband, Rick McFarland, a photographer, loved the area as much as I did—we were married in 2001 on a trail in Big Bend National Park.

Twelve years later, we returned to the area for a hike on the trails of the Fresno West Rim in neighboring Big Bend Ranch State Park, nicknamed “The Other Side of Nowhere.” The five-mile round-trip to the West Rim Overlook was supposed to offer beautiful views of the Solitario flatirons, steeply inclined and inverted V-shaped rocks. If you hike past the overlook, the trail, which passes an abandoned ranch and eventually loops back to the Puerta Chilicote Trailhead, should



*Cathy, an experienced hiker, knew the area well.*

take a full day. As Rick and I prepared for our trek, we were excited. The desert was a place that offered solitude and peace.

## **DAY 1: WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2**

At 10:15 a.m., Rick and I pulled in to the parking area, which was a mile away from the trailhead. The temperature was 73 and would peak at around 91 degrees. We grabbed two canteens and eight bottles of water from the cooler, and we stuffed granola bars and bananas into my fanny pack. Bees buzzed around patches of yellow flowers. Pink blooms dotted the desert floor. *This might become my new favorite trail*, I thought.

When we began the descent into



Fresno Canyon, the trail turned steep and rocky. Each step required me to plant my wooden hiking stick in front of me to brace myself. I skidded and slid, cussing all the way down.

At the bottom of the canyon, we followed a jeep trail alongside the dry bed of Fresno Creek. At one point, a second creek bed intersected it. We weren't sure whether to stay on the Fresno creek bed to the left or follow the branch to the right. We tried the right side first. There were no signs or cairns (piles of stones used as trail markers) indicating where the ranch might be. "Let's go the other way," Rick said.

We did, and found the ranch. We were back on our trail. A Jeep was parked out front, and we collapsed in its shade. We'd each guzzled three bottles of water already. Then we drank deeply from our canteens.

"I think we should wait for these people to come back and ask for a ride," I said. "I don't think I can climb back up what we just came down. And we're running out of water."

It was nearly 1:30 p.m., almost the hottest part of the day. It had taken us a long time to descend into the canyon. Going up would take longer. We might run out of daylight before getting back to the trailhead. Rick

studied our map. "It looks like we've made it almost halfway around the loop," he said. "We could just keep going."

Over the next several hours, the sun beat down unmercifully. We stopped frequently, often sprawling on our backs and turning the canteens up and shaking them to get the last drops. We stuck our tongues inside the bottles and licked the interiors.

It seemed we were walking forever. The cairns kept disappearing, obscured by vegetation. Backtracking and searching for the trail burned time and energy. It also required us to forge our own paths through cacti.

And then we came to a dead end: the edge of a canyon. "Oh my God," I said. It was 8 p.m. We'd hiked nearly eight and half miles and gotten nowhere.

"Help!" Rick yelled, startling me.

I joined him. "Help! We're lost! We need water!"

There was no answer but our own voices echoing off the canyon walls.

Rick took out his phone. No signal. The phone, however, did provide enough light to scan the overlook. Rick worried about wildlife. Mountain lions. Snakes. Coyotes. He found a rocky patch of ground, and we lay down.

“”

WHEN WE  
BEGAN THE  
DESCENT, THE  
TRAIL TURNED  
STEEP AND  
ROCKY. I  
SKIDDED AND  
SLID ALL THE  
WAY DOWN.

"It's going to get cold," he said. Shorts and light shirts were all that we had on, so we entwined our legs and lay chest to chest to share body heat. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

## DAY 2: HOPE

Dawn. It had been 13 hours since we had drunk the last of our water. Rick and I trekked 500 yards to the last rock cairn we'd seen the night before, which led to the Mexicano Falls Overlook. "So that's what happened," he said. "We followed the markers to the overlook instead of staying on the trail." According to the map, we had five miles to go to get back to our pickup near the trailhead.

We hiked steadily for a while, and I began to feel a little more upbeat—until we lost the trail markers again. We backtracked and crisscrossed our path countless times in search of hidden cairns. This portion of the desert undulated mercilessly. Dozens of arroyos, or gulches, forced us to clamber up steep hills only to skid down and face yet another ascent.

"When will this stop?" I shouted.

"Never," Rick muttered, plowing through yet another prickly bush.

"We've got to get back to the kids," we told each other, our voices hoarse from

lack of water. Amanda, ten, and Ethan, eight, were at home in North Little Rock with my parents. I pictured their sweet faces and imagined how scared they would have been if they'd known of our increasingly dire situation.

We hiked for another four hours. At 2 p.m. and 91 degrees, I insisted that we find shade.

“HELP! WE’RE  
LOST! WE  
NEED WATER!”  
THE ONLY  
ANSWER WAS  
OUR VOICES  
ECHOING OFF  
THE CANYON  
WALLS.

As it happens, I'd once read a book called *Death in Big Bend* in which a woman survived the desert heat because she took shade in the afternoon and walked at night. I saw a rock formation that offered a patch of shade big enough for both of us. Cooler air flowed through a hole at the bottom of the rock. I sat

down next to it, reveling in the funneled breeze. A moment later, a bright green prickly pear cactus caught my eye. They put cactus juice in margaritas. Surely there'd be something to drink in there.

After wresting away two cactus pads, I used Rick's knife to slice the bottom off one and sucked liquid out of it. Then I pulled it apart and ate the pulp. Its tiny, hairlike needles embedded in my tongue, cheeks, and lips. I didn't care. A mouthful of needles couldn't compete with my thirst.

"That's disgusting," Rick said, spitting out the pulp.

"Don't spit! We need all the water that's still in us."

We lay down in the rock's shade. Every so often, I pinched my skin and it stayed folded, a sign of severe dehydration. My lips were cracked and swollen, and my tongue felt thick and useless.

"Babe, I'm worried that we're not going to make it," I said, hoping he would contradict me.

"Me too," Rick mumbled.

Hours later, when the sun began its slow descent, Rick stood. "We need to get going," he said.

As we staggered along the trail, Rick spotted something in the canyon below: cottonwood trees. In a desert, cottonwoods mean water. He took off at a near run.

"Water!" Rick yelled. He crossed a dry streambed and disappeared into the cluster of cottonwoods.

"Bring it to me!" I begged, struggling over a rock.

I found Rick crouched over a tiny triangular spring hidden beneath a large limestone rock. He filled my canteen with water, and I guzzled it.

Darkness descended. We would have to spend another cold night on the ground. But we were too giddy over the water to care.



*A cairn on the trail. Dense vegetation covered many of these markers, making the trail difficult to follow.*

### DAY 3: SEPARATION

"We have to get back on the trail," Rick said after we'd woken up.

Though the spring had undoubtedly saved our lives, I knew he was right. It was too small to provide enough water for the two of us, and we felt weak from hunger. No one knew we were out here. No one was looking for us. We had to keep going.

We refilled our canteens, then climbed out of the canyon. As we did, we found the trail. And then, just as on the previous two days, we lost it.

"Damn it!" Rick shouted. "I know the way! My truck"—he pointed with his hiking stick—"is THAT WAY! We are done with the damn markers."

And with that, we abandoned the trail for good. Rick knew if we headed



*that way*, we would eventually stumble across the trail we had set out on two days earlier. And he was right. We did reach the trail. But neither of us recognized it. We crossed it and kept going.

Rick kept a close eye on the time. We had until 2 p.m. to find the trailhead. Otherwise, we would have to stop and take shelter from the sun.

At 12:30 p.m., I spotted a small mesquite tree in a narrow ravine. I dragged myself over and sat in its shade. "I'm done," I said. "I'm just holding you back."

Rick wrestled with his choices. He couldn't imagine leaving me behind to fend for myself. At the same time, he believed he could make it back and summon help.

"I will wait for you," I told him. "I can hang on."

Rick had two swallows of water left in his canteen, and he poured one into mine.

"I love you," he said, clasping my hands.

"I love you too."

"Want anything when I come back?" he joked.

"Yeah, two waters and a beer."

Soon after he left, I drank the last of my water.

**IT WAS EVENING**—several hours since Rick had left me—and the oppressive heat had lessened a bit. Even so, Rick, as I would learn later, was near the end of his endurance. He hadn't eaten for days. He'd hiked all day with only one swallow of water in his canteen to keep him going. And

still, there was no indication that he was even headed in the right direction. It would be so easy to give up, so easy to welcome death rather than keep fighting it. He could just stay right where he was and go to sleep. But then Rick thought of me lying helplessly underneath a mesquite tree. If he died, I died too.

Then a glimmer in the distance caught his eye. A truck. It was parked at a parking area next to the trailhead. That meant our SUV waited just a mile down the road.

An hour and a half later, Rick roared up to the park's headquarters, blaring his horn and yelling. His erratic driving caught the eye of the assistant park superintendent, David Dotter.

"My wife and I were lost in the desert," Rick yelled. "She's still out there."

Dotter drove Rick to the trailhead. Too weak to be of any help, Rick let the ranger attempt to find me without him. But when Dotter returned nearly two hours later, he was alone. The first



IT WOULD BE  
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thing he did was call the Texas Department of Public Safety to request help.

**THE THRUM OF A** helicopter roused me from a fitful sleep. A searchlight blazed from the chopper, cutting through the darkness. A wave of euphoria swept over me.

"Rick!" I yelled. Then, inexplicably: "Mommy! Daddy! Please, help me!"

The helicopter flew slowly and methodically back and forth across the horizon. Too weak to stand, I used my hands and feet to crab-walk up a small incline. "I'm here!" I yelled. "I'm here!"

In the end, it didn't matter. The helicopter's spotlight never illuminated the deep ravine in which I lay.

#### **DAY 4: ALONE**

When my wedding ring fell off my shriveled finger, I listlessly groped the twigs and rocks within reach. Nothing. The desert had already taken so much from me. Now it had my ring too. And as the heat intensified, so did the hallucinations. One cast me in the role of babysitter. Our neighbors asked me to take care of their son, who had developed a physical disability. In reality, the son was me, struggling to move arms and legs that no longer worked.

My physical condition continued to deteriorate. Fluid leaked from my body as my kidneys, heart, liver, and lungs suffered from the varying extremes of heat and cold, as well as from exertion and severe dehydration.

Organ by organ, my body was shutting down.

Rick, now rested, was back on the trail with two dozen rescuers. As he plowed through thickets of cacti, park superintendent Barrett Durst had to jog just to keep up with him. "Wait! Wait!" he called to Rick.

Rick kept going. "I'm going to find her. I'm going to bring her back."

They spent the day trying to retrace the path back to where we had separated the day before. Rick looked for landmarks, in particular a pair of boulders near the mesquite tree where he had left me. But nothing looked familiar, and Rick grew increasingly frustrated. *Where is she? Why can't I remember?*

#### **DAY 5: THE LAST DAY**

By 6 a.m. on Sunday, the number of searchers had grown to nearly 40. Most feared this would be a body recovery, not a rescue. No one wanted Rick to see my remains. So when the teams left for the trailhead, Dotter persuaded him to stay at HQ with him.

As the searchers wended their way through the desert, volunteers Shawn Hohnstreiter and Andy Anthony repeatedly called out for me. Meanwhile, state park police officer Fernie Rincon and game warden Isaac Ruiz scrambled down into a deep valley. In the distance, they could hear Hohnstreiter and his team shouting, "Cathy, can you hear us?"



*Soon after being found, Cathy was carried by volunteers to a rescue helicopter. Right: Cathy, the day after she returned home from the hospital.*

"Help!" I yelled out.  
Rincon turned to Ruiz.  
"Help me!"

Following my cries, Rincon and Ruiz ran to a precipice and peered into the ravine. "We've got her!" Rincon hollered as they clambered down. "She's alive!"

When they reached me, I was shivering, feral-looking, and babbling about how Rick and I had gotten married at Big Bend National Park 12 years earlier. Rincon managed to interrupt. "Do you know your name?"

His question brought me to my senses.

"Cathy," I croaked. "Is my husband OK?"

"He's why we're here."

**AT UNIVERSITY** Medical Center of El Paso, doctors told me I was only a few hours from death when the searchers found me. I was in acute renal failure. My heart, lungs, and liver were

damaged. I was diagnosed with rhabdomyolysis, a condition in which muscle fibers disintegrate and dump cell contents into the bloodstream, often causing kidney damage. My temperature fluctuated wildly. Cactus spines protruded from all over my body.

I was a mess. But I felt a wave of relief the moment Rick arrived at the hospital. He was really OK. We talked about the children and how the search had unfolded. When Rick prepared to leave for the night, a nurse asked if he wanted to take any of my valuables with him.

"Maybe her wedding ring," Rick said. Then he noticed my stricken expression.

"It fell off my finger, and I couldn't find it," I told him.

Rick clasped my hands long and hard, just as he had in the desert when I'd told him to leave me. The desert had taken my ring. But it hadn't claimed us. **R**

— **“MY NAME'S CATHY," I CROAKED. "IS MY HUSBAND OK?" "HE'S WHY WE'RE HERE," THE OFFICER RESPONDED.** —

COURTESY ANDY ANTHONY. COURTESY MARY FRYE (INSET)

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## KAPPA KAPPA KIDDO

Having children is like living in a frat house—nobody sleeps, everything's broken, and there's a lot of throwing up.

RAY ROMANO



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# Home of the Brave

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10 TALES OF EVERYDAY COURAGE  
FROM THE MOTH AND *READER'S DIGEST*

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Call it bravery, call it courage, or just call it guts. Whatever the word, the ten of you who tell the following stories embody powerful elements of this most red-blooded of American traits. All of these tales were first shared at live events around the country for the Moth, America's most celebrated storytelling group. Sharing your story live in front of an audience—that alone requires a special measure of courage.

★ Told live at a Moth show at Nuyorican Poets Cafe in New York, NY

# The Tough Guy



BY ED GAVAGAN

**LACKLAND AIR FORCE BASE, TEXAS.** I remember the first scar I ever got—it was actually two scars.

I was six years old, teaching my little buddy next door how to golf. I'd taken my dad's bag of golf clubs and dragged it out in the yard.

I wanted to show my friend how to hit the ball, so I stood behind him and had him choke up on the nine iron. I was all gung-ho to be a teacher. I coached him on the backswing and then the follow-through. And then he whaled back and hit me in the head. The nine iron took a chunk out of the back right quarter of my scalp and, on the follow-through, hit me on the other side. I had two giant flaps of skin peeled off my skull.

The blood just starts pouring down. I put my hands up, and I feel the soft, wet part and then the little bristly, hairy part. I pushed my scalp back up and went running into my house.

I'll never forget the look on my mother's face. She's in the kitchen with her cat's-eye glasses, talking on one of those black rotary-dial phones.

She just let go of the phone. I had blood running down my arms and all over my little white T-shirt. She made this dying pigeon noise and called my dad, told him to meet us at the emergency room.

We pull up to the ER at Lackland Air Force Base. My dad was a drill sergeant. Rolled-up sleeves, the tan uniform, the Smokey the Bear hat.

His job all day long was to yell at guys, tell them that they were no good and that his grandmother could do everything they could do, but better.

He comes in and says, "Where's my son?" And there I am on the table, drenched in blood.

The doctor says, "We've gotta shave a li'l bit there, and then we gotta stitch him up."

And my dad's there and he's holding my foot. He's looking at me. He's like, "Are you OK?"

But I heard, "ARE YOU OK?"

So I was like, "Yes, sir! I'm OK. No problem."

The doctor tells my dad, "Stay here. I gotta go get the needle."

My dad looks at me, and then his eyes roll back in his head ... and he drops. I think he's trying to make me laugh, trying to give me a little encouragement. I'm laughing.





But on the way down, my father hit his head on the end of that metal table so bad, it caught his eye socket and ripped.

I'm lying on the table, saying, "Dad, that's funny. Um, where are you?"

And then the surgeon comes in, and he's like, "What the ...!"

My dad was unconscious in a giant pool of blood, his uniform completely drenched. The doctor lowers the table; we get my dad onto the thing. He's stitching my dad up, and I'm watching and helping. And my dad is out cold. He gets 16 stitches from the corner of his eye all the way back up.

Then the surgeon says, "Help me put your dad in the wheelchair."

And then the surgeon stitches up

my superficial scalp wounds. Once I'm all stitched up, he wraps my whole head. I've got the Q-tip-looking head with the blood spots soaking through.

My dad is still out cold, and the surgeon goes, "Just push him out to your mom, OK?"

And my mother is in the waiting room. I come out pushing my father in the wheelchair, but I'm not very tall, so I'm kinda looking over the side. I'll never forget the look on my mother's face.

Thank God she was sitting down when she fainted.

---

Ed Gavagan, 54, owns a furniture and design company. He lives in New York City with his wife and daughter.

★ Told live at a Moth show at Headliners Music Hall in Louisville, KY

# Disarming a Mugger

BY RANDI SKAGGS



**NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.** I grew up an hour south of Louisville, Kentucky, in a town of a thousand people where nobody locks their doors, you get questions like whether you go to the Methodist church or the Baptist church, and everyone smiles and waves at everyone, whether they know you or not, whether they like you or not.

I came to New York straight out of college with no money. A friend suggested I move to Newark because it was an up-and-coming area just a short train ride from the city.

Yeah, he lied. Newark is the first place I ever heard gunshots. But I figured it's just a place to sleep. I came to New York for theater, and I did it. I worked every day in a French theater as a receptionist for next to nothing, and at night I was a playwright and a director in a small theater for exactly no money. And so I really only saw

COURTESY RANDI SKAGGS

Newark early in the morning and late, late at night, and I did my best to keep my head down.

The problem was I had to go to the bus stop every day, and it was basically an HBO miniseries about urban decay. I tried to be a jaded New Yorker, but I was terrified. And so I would hide in an empty train station by myself when I had to wait for my bus to get there and run across the street when it did. And for a long time this was all right, until this one night.

I was sitting on a bench, and a homeless man sat right next to me and said, "I want some money."

I knew the drill: Don't make eye contact, don't engage in conversation; just pull out some change and hand it to him.

But he wouldn't take it. He said, "I want money, not change."

My heart started to pound. This isn't how this is supposed to go. I looked into his face for the first time, and I said, "I'm sorry, sir. I don't have any cash," and because I'm just a naturally helpful person, I showed him my empty wallet.

He saw my bank card, and he said, "There's an ATM down the street. Let's go get some money."

I didn't like the idea. And the truth

was, I didn't have enough money for the \$20 minimum withdrawal. When I told him that, he became enraged. He said, "You're gonna get me some money. You wouldn't be the first person I killed."

I considered running, but I'm slow, so I did what I do best when I am nervous: I started talking.

I said, "I know you think I have money. I really don't. I don't have it as bad as you do, but I'm sleeping on my floor right now because I can't afford furniture, and most days I have ramen noodles and a banana, not that I've lost any weight since I moved here."

He didn't laugh.

I said, "No offense, but if I did have money, I wouldn't live in Newark."

He didn't really look all that offended by that.

And then I figured these were my last words, so I said something I'd been holding in since I moved to New York. "You know, people from home call and they say, 'Oh my God, New York City, that's so exciting!'" And I don't have the heart to tell them, 'No, it's actually Newark,' and I also don't know how to say that I really hate it up here. I think it's loud and dirty and expensive, and everybody's always in a bad mood, and I feel like a really stupid cliché, the

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***I considered  
running, but I'm  
slow, so I did  
what I do best  
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I started talking.***

”

country girl who comes to New York to change the world with her theater.

"I'm not gonna change the world with my theater. It sucks, actually, and I'm probably gonna die here tonight because I'm too proud to admit that I don't belong here."

And then I got really sappy, and I said, "I really miss my mom! I miss sweet tea and porch swings and people smiling at me, so could you please not kill me so I can see those things again, please?"

I hadn't looked at him in a while, afraid of what I would see, but I had to look. And his face had completely transformed, and he moved toward me and pulled me into a bear hug. You know, it was my first human contact in months. He said, "You're gonna

be something great one day. Don't you leave New York City." And he got up and walked away.

The next day, I went out and I bought pepper spray, but I also started dropping my guard a little bit, because I couldn't stop thinking, What made this guy go from wanting to kill me to wanting to comfort me? My theory was we were both sick and tired of our bubbles, you know? I was tired of not looking at the people and the things around me because I was so afraid of how different they were from what I knew. And I bet he was probably tired of people never looking at him.

---

Randi Skaggs, 41, is a middle school language arts teacher, writer, storyteller, and mother. She lives in Louisville, Kentucky.

★ Told live at a Moth show at the Music Hall of Williamsburg in New York, NY

# Feeding the Bullies



BY THOMAS ROYAL  
NIMEN

**CANTON, OHIO.**

My older brother, older sister, and I are in grade school. One day I come home, and I'm frustrated. I sheepishly ask my mom to no longer put Middle Eastern food in my lunch.

She and my father become quiet. He drops his crossword puzzle, they

lock eyes, and my mother, through questioning, gets me to reveal that the other students give me a very difficult time when I pull out food that doesn't look like everybody else's. So I ask, "From now on, could we do peanut butter and jelly on Wonder Bread and an apple?"

And then my brother and sister pipe in and say they'd like the same because they were going through it as well. There were no African Americans in my school; there were

no Asians. I don't think there was anybody from India, nobody from Latin America; not as students, not as teachers, not as administrators. It was primarily a homogenous Protestant/Catholic community.

In the midst of that, our family was slightly exotic. My father's family was from Syria; my mom's from Palestine. We had looks that weren't exactly conforming to what I went to school with. We had food that was different; we had holiday customs that were not the same as everybody else. Sometimes we could stick out.

My mother didn't say too much when I brought up the lunch issue. But about a week later the teacher announces that we should not bring lunches the following day, nor should we bring lunch money for the cafeteria, that we were going to have some sort of a special food event.

The next day at lunch, unbeknownst to me, in comes my mother with boxes and trays of Middle Eastern food. The teacher introduces her. "This is Mrs. Nimen. This is Tom's mom."

She pulls out the food. She starts serving the kids kibbe. This is a baked dish. You'll find it in the homes of kings and queens; you'll find it in the homes of the most humble people. "Try this," she said. "Here's some fataya—these

are little triangular bread pies and they have meat in them, or spinach, and pine nuts and onions." And she pulled out tabbouleh, hummus, baba ghanoush, and her homemade bread. She had baked bread for the entire class to take home.

Let me tell you about my mother:

She was an artist. She dressed like an artist; she spoke like an artist; she had the attitude of an artist. She's being charming and funny, and she's riling up the students, and they're laughing, and I'm blowing a gasket because a week earlier these snarky kids were making fun of everything that

I'm eating, and here they are sucking down my mom's food!

My mother did the same thing the next day in my brother's class and the day after that in my sister's class. Now, I would like to tell you that this ended some of the low-grade racial issues that my brother and sister and I faced. It did not. But it took a significant edge off, and she, if I think about it now, was a very early pioneer of diversity, in a very crafty way, using Middle Eastern hospitality.

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***We had food  
 and holiday  
 customs that  
 were different.  
 Sometimes we  
 could stick out.***  
 ”

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Thomas Royal Nimen, 61, works as a brand developer, graphic designer, painter, and blogger. He writes about Middle Eastern culture at [ilikum.org](http://ilikum.org).



★ Told live at a Moth show at the Carolina Theatre in Durham, NC

# A Powerful Dissent



BY RAY CHRISTIAN

**DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA.** I remember standing in line at the Social Security office with my mama. I was ten years old. I could hear the lady at the front of the line saying, "Next! Go to the desk. Next! Fill out the form."

When we got to the front of the line, my mother looked at the form and started to ask the lady a question: "Excuse me, can I—"

The lady cut her off and said, "Ma'am, take the form, take it to the desk, fill it out, and come back. Next!"

My mother and I walked to the desk, and my mother looked at the form. Water was starting to well up in her eyes, and I said, "Mama, what's wrong?"

And she said, "Baby, Mama can't read."

I said, "Mom. The first line? It says *name*."

She said, "Can you write that?"

I said, "Yeah."

"Say my name is Annie Christian." And I wrote out her name.

And the next line said *address*. I said, "Mama, that's where we live."

She told me. I wrote it. And we went all the way down the form this way until we got to the last line, where it said *signature*.

I said, "Mama, I think that's when you write your name real squiggly-like."

She looked at me, and she started to cry, and she hugged me real tight and said, "You will never know what it's like to be ignorant." I didn't know what she was talking about. I'm ten years old. All I know is I was doing something to help my mama.

Because my mama and daddy both were illiterate, they wanted to encourage my reading. They decided to buy me all these books with pretty pictures on them. So as a ten-year-old, I started to gather up a real big collection of books. I had *General Principles of Engineering*, L. Ron Hubbard's *Dianetics*, *General Psychopathology*, *Sex After 60*, and *Green Eggs and Ham*. So I was ready for the world with that.

My folks loved me enough that if I had decided to drop out of school and got a job working at the factory, they would have been happy. But I wanted those things I was reading about in those books. And because I was a marginal student and a marginal athlete, there was little or no chance of me going to college or getting a scholarship.

COURTESY RAY CHRISTIAN



PHOTO/ILLUSTRATION CREDIT

But there was one organization that was offering me a job, and that was the United States Army. Now, thinking that the harder the job the more money you'd get paid, I said to the recruiter, "Give me the hardest job you got." And I became a paratrooper. I had never been on an airplane in my life!

At points during my service, I would hear Army lawyers talk and noticed how with just a turn of a phrase, somebody could get promoted or not promoted, you could be found guilty or not guilty. I started thinking, When I get out of the Army, I'm going to become a lawyer! I started telling everybody. One officer said, "Listen, you don't even have a college degree. You need to focus your attention on being a paratrooper. That's your job."

Well, I started taking college classes at night anyway. For seven years, I showed up at class dirty, bleeding, hurting, stinky, funky, and tired. And two years after I retired from the Army, I did earn my bachelor's degree.

I started applying to law schools, but it didn't take long before those little envelopes started to arrive. Rejection, we're sorry, rejection, rejection, rejection. But one day, a big envelope came in the mail. I told everybody, "Guess what? I am going to be a lawyer."

One of my friends said, "Hey, Ray, do you think you can help me sue the Army?"

"Hell, yeah. I'm gonna be a lawyer for everybody on Earth."

I was not the typical law student. I was 38 years old, a combat vet with PTSD and four children. Law school was hard. After midterm exams, I found out I had failed every one. The assistant dean called me to his office. He had his back to me when he said, "You should withdraw."

I said, "I spent my whole life dreaming about this. I'm not going to quit."

He said, "If you should graduate, I'll eat my hat."

I thought about what my mama said: "You'll never know what it's like to be ignorant." But I did in that moment.

Then I saw this sign announcing the Mary Wright Closing Argument Competition. This is the highlight of the year. The law professors pick the top students they want to mentor. The whole school turns out to see it. This is what I had come to law school for. This was like being a lawyer on TV. This is what I wanted to do.

My professor said, "You need to focus on academics and not extracurricular activity."

Well, I signed up, but I couldn't get any professors to work with me.

“  
*The assistant dean of the law school told me, “If you should graduate, I’ll eat my hat.”*  
 ”

I wrote a few notes on a paper, and that's all the preparation I had. And the way the competition works, you're standing outside and the whole law school is inside. You knock on the door. You go in. People make their case. You hear applause. Next person would go in, make their presentation, you'd hear applause.

Then my turn came. I knew that I couldn't talk about any fine points of the law. I couldn't talk about elements or torts. But I could tell them a story.

I could tell them about right and wrong. I could tell them about justice and injustice. And I closed with this line: "And just like the bogeyman that lives under my girl's bed, made up from dust bunnies, buttons, and lost Christmas toys exposed to the light, the prosecution's case just isn't there." And I walked out ... to complete silence.

Soon as the door closed behind me, I heard what sounded like thunder—the sound of the entire law school applauding all at once. I couldn't help but cry.

And two weeks later, I would find out I won the competition! But four weeks later, I would find out I was being academically dismissed from law school.

I was broken. I never felt so bad in my life. I thought about all the people I was never going to help, all the things I was never going to do.

And it took me a while to decide that maybe, just maybe, I did get a gold star. If I hadn't had this stupid idea of becoming a lawyer, I would've never gone to college. I'd have never gone on and earned graduate degrees in history and education. I never would have become a college professor.

So the journey didn't take me to a place where I could knock out injustice in the courtroom. But the journey did take me to a place where I could combat ignorance in the classroom.

---

Ray Christian, 56, is a retired paratrooper. He lives with his wife, children, chickens, and dogs in Boone, North Carolina. His story "Going the Mile" appeared in our 2016 "Best Stories in America" issue.

★ Told live at a Moth show at the Academy of Music Theatre in Northampton, MA

## "Bald Terror"

BY AUBURN SANDSTROM

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN. I'm curled up in a fetal position on a filthy carpet in a cluttered apartment. I'm in

horrible withdrawal from a drug that I've been addicted to for several years now.

In my hand I have a little piece of paper. It's dilapidated because I've been folding it and unfolding it to the point that it's almost falling apart.





But you can still make out the phone number on it.

I am in a state of bald terror. If you've ever had an anxiety attack, that's what this felt like. My husband is out running the streets, trying to get ahold of some of the stuff that we needed.

And if I could, I would jump out of my own skin and run screaming into the streets to get what I need. But right behind me, sleeping in the bedroom, is my baby boy.

Now, I wasn't going to get a Mother of the Year award. In fact, at the age of 29, I was failing at a lot of things.

I had started out fairly auspiciously. I was that girl who had the opera lessons, spoke fluent French, and had her college paid for. I was that person who, when my checking account ran out, would say something to my parents and \$200 would magically appear.

But I came to the conclusion that the thing I needed to do with all that comfort was to destroy it. And you know, every time I've come to a major faulty conclusion in life, the man comes right after who will help me live it out.

I was 24 then, he was 40, and I was smitten, in love. And it was beautiful for a while, until he introduced me to one of his old friends, who introduced

us to the drug I was now addicted to.

So curled up on my apartment floor, I decided to get clean. I was leading the life that was going to lead to me losing the most precious thing I'd ever had in my life, which was that baby boy. I was so desperate at that moment that I became willing to

punch the numbers into the phone.

The phone number was something my mother had sent me. Now, mind you, I hadn't been speaking to my parents or anybody else for three, four, five years.

But she'd managed to get this number to me by mail, and she said, "Look, this is a Christian

counselor, and since you can't talk to anybody else, maybe sometime you could call this person."

I was emaciated, covered in bruises. I was anxious and desperate.

I punched in the numbers. I heard a man say, "Hello."

And I said, "Hi, I got this number from my mother. Uh, do you think you could maybe talk to me?"

I heard him shuffling around in the bed. You could tell he was pulling some sheets around himself and sitting up. I heard a little radio in the background, and he snapped it off, and he became very present.

He said, "Yes, yes, yes. What's going on?"

“  
***“Hi, I got this  
 number from  
 my mother.  
 Uh, do you  
 think you could  
 talk to me?”***”

I hadn't told anybody, including myself, the truth for a long, long time. And I told him I wasn't feeling so good, and that I was scared, and that things had gotten pretty bad in my marriage.

Before long, I started telling him other truths, like I might have a drug problem.

And this man didn't judge me. He just sat with me and listened and had such a kindness and a gentleness.

"Tell me more ... Oh, that must hurt ... Oh."

I'd made that call at two in the morning. And he stayed up with me the whole night, just talking, just listening, just being there until the sun rose.

By then I was feeling calm. The raw panic had passed. I was feeling OK.

I was feeling like, I can splash my face with water today, and I can probably do this day.

I wouldn't have cared if the guy was a Hare Krishna or a Buddhist—it didn't matter to me what his faith was.

I was very grateful to him, and so I said, "Hey, you know, I really appreciate you and what you've done for me tonight. Aren't you supposed to be telling me to read some Bible verses or something? Because that'd be cool. I'll do it, you know. It's all right."

He laughed and said, "Well, I'm glad this was helpful to you."

And we talked some more, and I brought it up again.

I said, "No, really. You're very, very

good at this. I mean, you've seriously done a big thing for me. How long have you been a Christian counselor?"

There's a long pause. I hear him shifting. "Auburn, please don't hang up," he says. "I've been trying not to bring this up."

"What?" I ask.

"You won't hang up?"

"No."

"I'm so afraid to tell you this. But the number you called ..." He pauses again. "You got the wrong number."

I didn't hang up on him, but I never would get his name or call him back.

But the next day I felt this kind of joy, like I was shining. I had gotten to see that there was this completely random love in the universe. That it could be unconditional. And that some of it was for me.

I can't tell you that I got my life totally together that day. But it became possible to get some help and get the hell out.

And it also became possible as a teetotaling, semi-sane single parent to raise up that precious baby boy into a magnificent young scholar and athlete, who graduated from university in 2013 with honors.

This is what I know. In the deepest, blackest night of despair, if you can get just one pinhole of light ... all of grace rushes in.

---

Auburn Sandstrom, 54, is a college writing instructor and is pursuing a PhD in urban education policy. She lives in Cleveland, Ohio.

★ Told live at a Moth show at the Music Hall of Williamsburg in New York, NY

# Leaving Home



BY TERRY  
WOLFISCH COLE

**WILLIAMSVILLE,  
NEW YORK.** One  
hot day I was play-  
ing with the kids next

door, and I found out that  
in other people's houses older kids  
had later bedtimes. I was five years  
old, and my sister Lisa was two years  
younger.

I go to my mother with my new-  
found information, and I advocate for  
policy change. I am denied.

This big-sister thing is not what it's  
cracked up to be. Every time we do  
something that we're not supposed to  
do, I get in more trouble. Everybody's  
always paying attention to her—she's  
little, she's cute. And we have to go to  
bed at the same time. I've had it!

So I go to my room, and I take my  
white vinyl *Partridge Family* sleepover  
suitcase, and I put it on the bed, and  
I start to pack. Into the suitcase goes  
Nancy Drew and Amelia Bedelia and  
some Barbies, and by the time I'm  
done, there is no room left for clothes.

But I'm leaving forever, so I know  
I'm gonna need a wardrobe. And I  
put on two pair of underwear first,  
because you gotta change, right? Pair

of pants, pair of shorts, a T-shirt, a  
hoodie, a raincoat, and over it all a  
crocheted poncho with fringe. And  
I go downstairs. My mother is in the  
kitchen. She looks up and asks if I'm  
running away. I told her yes.

She's not nearly as upset by this as I  
feel she should be.

She goes, "Are you going to  
Grandma Sylvia's?" Which is the only  
other place I know. It's not even a mile  
away. I can't believe she can figure  
this out. She's like some kind of witch!

I don't answer her. I go out the  
front door and down the driveway.  
Now, remember, it's the '70s, and they  
have not yet invented suitcases with  
wheels, and mine's full of books.

So with every step, I'm dragging my  
suitcase. I go down the driveway, left  
on Redwood, left on Red Oak. With  
every step, I'm sweating and dragging  
and sweating and dragging. I'm so in-  
tent on my mission that I don't real-  
ize my mother is, like, 20 yards behind  
me, following and waving concerned  
citizens away.

Finally I get to number 73, Grand-  
ma's apartment building. I go up the  
stairs, and before I even knock, the  
door opens.

My grandma tells me she's very  
happy to see me, but I'm certainly not

COURTESY TERRY WOLFISCH COLE





living there forever. And I realize my mother has called ahead and I have been betrayed.

My grandma says, “Do you want a drink as long as you’re here?”

She goes to get me some juice, and I’m taking off my layers, and my mother comes sweeping in. And she sits down in my grandfather’s wing-back chair, and she pats her lap. She goes, “Come here.” I don’t want to, because I am righteously pissed, but I’m hot and I’m five, and I get on my mother’s lap. She pushes my hair back behind my ear, and she says, “Sweetheart, what is it? Why have you left?”

And it all comes tumbling out: “It’s not fair and all the time with Lisa I get into trouble and she doesn’t... and we should not have the same bedtime!”

And my mother, who has always known me better than I’ve known myself, takes my hot, red little face in her hands, and she says to me, “Sweetheart, I don’t want you to be so miserable.” She says, “You came first. If it’s that hard for you living with

Lisa, tomorrow morning I’ll call the orphanage and we’ll send her away.”

I can read. I know what an orphanage is. I start to cry, and I beg her, “Don’t send my sister to an orphanage!” My mother reluctantly agrees that we’ll all go home and give it another try.

That night my mother feeds us scrambled eggs and SpaghettiOs for dinner, and she gives us a bath and puts us to bed at the same time, as she will for many years to come.

And Lisa and I will grow to be two halves of the same whole, through adventures and concerts and boy-friends and divorces and death and everything. But every once in a while, we’ll have a fight. And to this day, if I turn over my shoulder and say, “Mom, Lisa’s being mean to me!” my mother always answers in the same way. She says, “You had your chance.”

---

Terry Wolfisch Cole, 52, is a writer and storyteller living in West Simsbury, Connecticut.

★ Told live at a Moth show at the Secret Society in Portland, OR

# The Scariest Job



BY MATT BROWN

**RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.** Growing up, I got embarrassed really easily.

If a teacher called on me in class, if I was talking to a pretty girl, if I was in public with my mom, my face would just go crazy bright red. I mean, forget about it. My ears would get all hot crimson, and I would sweat.

COURTESY MATT BROWN

When I got to college, it got worse. I was way out of my comfort zone, and I started having panic-attacky kinds of feelings. But I also wanted to meet people; I wanted to have a normal life; I wanted to meet girls. I wanted to live out loud.

So I flipped through the paper and looked through the want ads. It was full of the same old stuff: office jobs and restaurants and hotels and construction. Nothing sounded scary enough. But toward the end of the first week of looking, I found it in all of its awful glory: *Clowns needed. No experience necessary.*

I picked up the phone before I changed my mind. “Uh, hi. I’m calling about the job.”

This nice lady says, “Someone’s calling about the job.”

A man comes on the line and says, “We accept. If you can come in today, we could show you and get you a few jobs for this weekend.”

It’s Thursday, so I head down and spend the rest of the day at Party Animals’ headquarters. I learn about clowning and makeup and balloon animals and magic and juggling.

Saturday rolled around. My first gig. I got up bright and early. I was putting on my makeup in the bathroom, and I was thinking, This is much harder than I thought it was going to be.

I don’t have a steady hand or much attention to detail, and my first try I did Death Metal Clown. I give it a second try, and I get Murder Clown. My third try softens up enough for my standards. I grab my gear and go out to my car. That’s when the fear sets in.

I crank up the radio to drown out my thoughts, and I rock out. I figure I’ll drive for a little while, head toward this party, and decide how I feel. As I’m driving I’m like, Man, you don’t have to do anything you don’t wanna do. You can quit this right now.

And I get to the location, about a mile from my house, and this heavy blanket of dark

fear stomps down on my whole body. I’m frozen, and I think, I can’t do this.

I turn the music down. I’m sitting there looking all melancholy Gene Simmons, and I hear this racket and noise and screaming. On both sides of me are these giant family cars, and they’re full of kids. The kids are hanging out the windows, waving their arms and yelling, “Clown! Clown! Hello, CLOWN!”

I roll down my window and reach out as far as I can in the direction of the kids, and I’m like, I can do this.

“

*I found it in  
all of its  
awful glory:  
Clowns needed.  
No experience  
necessary.*

Matt Brown, 47, is a musician, a writer, and the founder of the Taxidermy Salon in Portland, Oregon.

★ Told live at a Moth show at the Miramar Theatre in Milwaukee, WI

# Escaping Baghdad



BY ABBAS MOUSA

## BAGHDAD, IRAQ.

I grew up in Baghdad, where car bombs were an everyday occurrence after 2003. At

that time, it was considered the most dangerous city in the world. My 25-minute ride to school took two hours because of the many checkpoints in the city.

My mom would hug and kiss us every day before we left for school because she knew it might be her last hug or kiss.

I always told myself I should focus on school, get my degree, and tomorrow will be better than today, always hoping for an end to the Sunni and Shia civil war and to see a strong Iraqi military defeat Al Qaeda.

I graduated and got a job, but to get there I had to cross town. After news of sectarian killings and kidnappings, one morning my mom said the salary the job paid wasn't worth the risk making the journey posed. So my only choice was to leave Baghdad.

On Thursday, November 23, 2006, I kissed my mom and siblings goodbye. My mom hugged me tight, and her eyes started to tear. I wiped her tears and

told her, "I'll be OK, and I'll come visit."

She said, "Don't. I'm OK with you being away and alive. It's better than you being close and always in danger."

I arrived in Kurdistan, in northern Iraq, and managed to get a job working for the U.S. military as a translator. I would translate documents, paperwork, and meetings between Iraqi military, Iraqi police, local mayors, and top U.S. military commanders. Other times, between soldiers and local Iraqi labor.

After a year of being away from home, I really missed my family, so I asked to go on vacation during Christmas and New Year's break and was able to go to Baghdad to visit my family and spend time with my mom.

One evening, I went to a restaurant, and after I ate, I was feeling a bit lazy and full, so I decided to take the bus. In Baghdad, most buses are these ten-passenger vans, and one pulled over to pick me up. The van was empty, so I sat in the front passenger seat.

Once we got to my stop, the driver didn't stop. I told him, "Hey, you missed my stop!"

He said, "I'm sorry. I'll turn around for you."

I said, "It's OK. I can walk back," but he insisted on turning around.





At the end of the street, he turned left and then took the highway ramp. I told him, “You did not turn around. Where are we going?”

And that’s when he gave me the evil face and said, “You’ll know once we get there.”

He was driving at least 100 miles per hour, and I didn’t know what to do. I looked at him and saw a gun in his hand and calmly asked, “What do you want from me?”

I was afraid. If he knew I worked for the U.S. military, then I would be beheaded. He said, “You’ll know once you meet my group.”

His answer made me even more scared.

Living in Baghdad, I would hear about kidnappings almost every day in the news but never what to do if it happened to you.

I thought of hitting him, like what Tom Cruise or Jack Bauer would do. In the movies, the lead actor always survives, but in reality, a terrorist would just put a bullet in my head or simply crash the van and kill both of us.

The sun had set, and all I could think was: Will I see another day? Will I see my family again? My mom?

He exited the highway, and all of a sudden I saw an Iraqi military checkpoint on my right.

A voice inside of me said, If you

don’t survive this now, you might not survive it at all.

Without thinking, I opened the door. I screamed, “Help me!” Again, that voice said the pain of the jump is nothing compared to the pain of being terrified until they behead you.

The next thing I knew, I was on the ground, and all I can remember is getting up and running. I don’t remember if I rolled. I don’t remember feeling any pain. I just ran. I ran for my life.

I made it to the checkpoint and fell to the ground. Two soldiers rushed to help me, asking what happened, and all I could do was point

to the street. I couldn’t catch my breath to even speak. But I made it. I survived.

I left Baghdad early the next morning, knowing it would be years before I could ever return.

In July 2009, I got my special immigrant visa. It’s a program that was set up for translators and their families to go to America, because once you worked for the U.S. military, you will forever be an Al Qaeda target. So my family and I were able to come here and become citizens. My mom was the most excited because, as she said, “Now we can finally live, all of us, in one country, in peace.”

I was excited about living my American dream. I enrolled in the University

“  
***I was afraid.  
 If he knew I  
 worked for the  
 U.S. military,  
 then I would be  
 beheaded.***”

of Wisconsin-Milwaukee to get my master's degree, and life was going well for me. But I felt something was missing. And every time I saw a post on Facebook from one of my soldier friends that I worked with in Iraq, I felt like I should be with them. And I was afraid of losing my new, safe home, America.

In Baghdad, I was weak. But in America, I am strong. Now I am a sergeant in the Army National Guard

and belong to an organization that can prepare me to defend my adopted country and do my part as a citizen. Because I know how it feels living under terrorism, and I don't want to ever experience that again.

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Abbas Mousa, 32, is an economist at the Bureau of Economic Analysis for the Department of Commerce and a sergeant in the Army National Guard. He is writing a memoir.

★ Told live at a Moth show at the Players in New York, NY

# Trusting a Stranger



BY MARY-CLAIRE KING

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.** The week of April Fools' Day of 1981 began badly. That Sunday night, my husband told me he was leaving me. He had fallen in love with one of his graduate students, and they were headed to the tropics the next day.

I was completely devastated. It was totally unexpected.

He gave me a new vacuum cleaner to soften the blow.

It was the middle of spring quarter at Berkeley, so the next morning I had my class as usual. It was far easier to teach it than to explain why not, so I dropped off our daughter,

Emily—who was five and three quarters years old—at kindergarten. I headed to school and taught my class.

I made it through the day and around three thirty headed back to pick up Emily from school.

We got home, walked up the stairs, opened the house ... and it was absolute chaos.

Someone had broken in. Everything was completely trashed.

I called 911, and a young police officer went through the house. I had no idea what had been taken and what hadn't, because my husband had taken many things with him the night before.

I explained that to Officer Rodriguez, and he said, "As you figure it out, make a list."

Then he went upstairs with Emily.

They opened the door of her room, and it was 18 inches deep of just chaos. The bed had been pulled apart, curtains pulled down, drawers all dumped out.

Emily—five and three quarters—looked at Officer Rodriguez and said, “I can’t tell if the burglars were in here or not.”

And Officer Rodriguez, to his eternal credit, did not crack a smile. He handed her his card and said, “Young lady, if you discover that anything is missing, please give me a call.”

So now it was Monday night. I was scheduled later that week to give a presentation in Washington, DC, to the National Institutes of Health. It was terribly important. I had not done this before. It was my interview for my first large grant on my own.

The plan had been for Emily to stay with her dad and for my mom to come out, arriving the next day to help out.

My mom, who was living in Chicago, didn’t know anything about the events of the previous 24 hours, so I thought, I’ll just wait and explain it to her when she gets here.

So the next day we picked up my mom at San Francisco Airport, and driving back to Berkeley, I explained to her what happened on Sunday.

She was very, very upset. She said,

“I can’t believe you’ve let this family come apart. I can’t believe this child will grow up without a father.” (Which was never true and has never been true since.)

By the time we got home, she was extremely agitated. After a couple of hours, she said, “I’m going home. I just can’t imagine that this has happened. How can you even think of running off to the East Coast at a time like this?”

My father had died not long before. Just two months after this visit, my mother was diagnosed with epilepsy. So, in context, her reaction was not as irrational as

it seemed in that moment, but at the time, of course, it was devastating.

So I said, “OK. You’re right. I’ll arrange for you to go home tomorrow, and I’ll cancel the trip.”

I called my mentor, who had been my postdoc adviser at UC San Francisco. He was already in Washington, DC, and I said, “I’m not going to be able to come.” I explained briefly what had happened.

He just listened. He had grown daughters and said, “Look, come. Bring Emily. Emily and I know each other. I’ll sit with her while you’re giving your presentation.” He had grandchildren of his own.

I said, “She doesn’t have a ticket.”

“  
*Emily looked  
at Officer  
Rodriguez and  
said, “I can’t tell  
if burglars were  
in here or not.”*

He said, "As soon as we hang up, I'm going to call the airline and get her a ticket. It'll be on the same flight as yours. Everything will be fine."

I arranged for my mother to go back to Chicago.

Her flight from San Francisco was at ten o'clock in the morning. We left in plenty of time, but it was one of those days when the Bay Bridge was just totally jammed up. What should have been a drive of 45 minutes took an hour and 45 minutes.

When we finally arrived, my mom's flight was about to leave in 15 minutes, Emily's and my flight was going to leave in 45 minutes, and in front of the counter to pick up tickets was a long, long line.

And, of course, we had our suitcases. My mom was carrying hers, and she was already fairly frail.

I said, "Mom, can you make it to your plane on your own?"

She said, "No."

So I said to Emily, "I'm going to need to go with Grandmom down to her plane."

My mother looked at me, completely shocked, and said, "You can't leave that child here alone!"

Fair enough.

Suddenly this unmistakable voice above and behind me said, "Emily and I will be fine."

I turned around to the man standing behind us, and I said, "Thank you."

My mother said, "You can't leave Emily with a total stranger."

And I said, "Mom, if you can't trust Joe DiMaggio, who can you trust?"

Joe DiMaggio, who just like us was standing there, waiting in line, looked at me, looked at my mother, and gave Emily a huge grin. And then he put out his hand and said, "Hi, Emily. I'm Joe."

Emily shook his hand, and she said, "Hello, Joe. I'm Emily."

And I said, "Mom, let's go."

We got to the plane, and my mother got on fine. By the time I got back, Emily and Joe were all the way up at the front, chatting with each other.

Joe DiMaggio had wrangled Emily's ticket for her. He was clearly waiting to go to his plane until I got back.

I looked at him, and I said, "Thank you very much."

And he said, "My pleasure."

He headed off down the hall. He gave me this huge salute and wave and a tremendous grin and went off to his own plane.

Emily and I went to Washington, DC. I got the grant, and that was the beginning of the work that has become the story of inherited breast cancer and of BRCA1.

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Dr. Mary-Claire King, 71, is American Cancer Society Professor at the University of Washington in Seattle. She was the first to show that breast cancer is inherited in some families as the result of mutations in the gene that she named BRCA1. In 2016, she was awarded the National Medal of Science by President Barack Obama.



★ Told live at a Moth show at the Music Hall of Williamsburg in New York, NY

# Saying Goodbye



BY AARON WOLFE

## NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

As we crossed the Triborough Bridge into Queens, I'm suddenly

gripped with this terror that I'm going to die one day. I'm going to see my grandma Ruthy.

Growing up, I would spend weekends with my grandparents. They'd pick me up on Friday nights, and I'd have these long, adventurous days with Grandma Ruthy that felt like she was trying to pack all of the world's knowledge into one 12-hour period.

We'd wake up early, drink coffee with lots of sugar, and then she'd give me a trillion vitamins, and then we'd head into the city. We'd start at the Central Park Zoo. She'd teach me about marsupials and pandas. Then we'd go to the MOMA, and it was Monet and impressionism. Then we'd walk downtown past all the shops to Sweet Basil in the West Village, where we'd see Doc Cheatham play trumpet. Then Chinatown, where she taught me how to use chopsticks.

Finally we'd go back to her place. And she'd teach me how to lose at rummy. She'd wait for me to reach for

one more card, and then she'd slap my hand and say, "Rummy, kiddo!" She'd throw her cards down and laugh. She wanted me to know that it's not enough to beat your grandson at cards; you have to squeeze every last little drop of joy out of beating him.

But I'm not thinking about that as we cross the bridge. We pull up outside of their apartment building, and I walk in to see my grandmother sitting on the couch. Where once she would have been, like, the loudest person in the room, now she can barely move. And where once she would have wrapped me in this huge bear hug, now it seems like the couch is going to swallow her alive.

And I know that I'm supposed to go and sit at her feet and hug her and kiss her and hold her hand and say goodbye. But I want to run. I don't want to see her like this. I don't want to even make eye contact with this woman that I loved so dearly, because if I do, maybe death will reach out from over her shoulder and touch me too.

She says, "So where are we going for dinner?" I look at my mom with horror because I don't know what food goes with dying. And my mom says, "What are you in the mood for, Aaron?"

I say, "Well, we could just call the

local Chinese restaurant and I'll go over and pick it up."

And my grandmother, dying of ovarian cancer, pulls herself to the edge of the couch and straightens herself up and says, "My grandson doesn't eat take-out food with me."

And that's how we end up carrying her off the couch, down the steps, into the car, and driving 30 minutes to the closest Japanese restaurant. And we sit in a booth by the window.

When it comes her time to order, we all kind of hold our breath. She hasn't managed solid food in weeks, and she can barely do a sip of water because of the pain. But she looks at the waitress and she says, "I'll have a Sapporo. In a mug, please."

And we eat and she drinks half of her beer. And she tells us about the time that she and my grandfather went to China, and how they traveled through Siberia on the railroad and all these incredible stories—and for a moment, there's no death. There's no cancer. There's "We're all immortal. Time stretches out forever." There's a moment like that in every meal, if you pay attention. It's there, where oblivion is replaced with infinity.

And then we go home. And it's time to do that thing that I've been dreading. Saying goodbye. We do it outside

her building. And she hugs me and she kisses me and she cries a little bit. And then we do it—we say goodbye. And I'm waiting for the dread, the icy cold hand of death on my heart, but I don't feel it, because she's built this shield around me. The meal has been this shield.

A few days later, she's sitting on the couch next to her son and her husband, and she says, "It's time."

And they help her to the bed, and she says, "Do you think there's a heaven?"

My grandfather says, "I don't know. Are you scared?"

And she says, "No."

And then she closes her eyes and dies.

When it gets too much for me, my therapist, Karl, told me I'm supposed to look over my shoulder and say, "Hello, Death. Nice to see you again." My therapist is a genius samurai warrior poet with an MSW, but he's wrong.

The last lesson my grandma Ruthy taught me is that when I stand on the edge of infinity, it's that it's not enough to say, "Hello, Death. Nice to see you again."

You have to say, "Hello, Death. Nice to see you again. Listen, before we go, I'm going to have one more beer." **R**

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Aaron Wolfe, 40, is a filmmaker and a writer. He lives in Belmont, Massachusetts.

“  
*She hasn't had  
 solid food in  
 weeks, but she  
 says, "I'll have  
 a Sapporo."*

# WHO

# ?

# KNEW

## You Say Tomato ...

BY JOSH KATZ FROM THE BOOK  
*SPEAKING AMERICAN*

*Some words* are like out-of-state license plates—they're dead giveaways that you're not from around here. Just try rhyming *aunt* with *can't* in parts of the Northeast or Upper Midwest (you *cahn't*) or ordering a *sub* in Philadelphia, the epicenter of *hoagie* country.

In recent years, linguists have pondered whether the homogenizing effects of TV, film, and the Internet have begun to eliminate many so-called regionalisms. To find out, I surveyed Americans about how we talk. The good news, based on the 350,000 responses received: American English shows no sign of disappearing. So slip off your *sneakers* (more on that later), grab a *soft drink* (ditto), and let's take a tour of Americanisms.

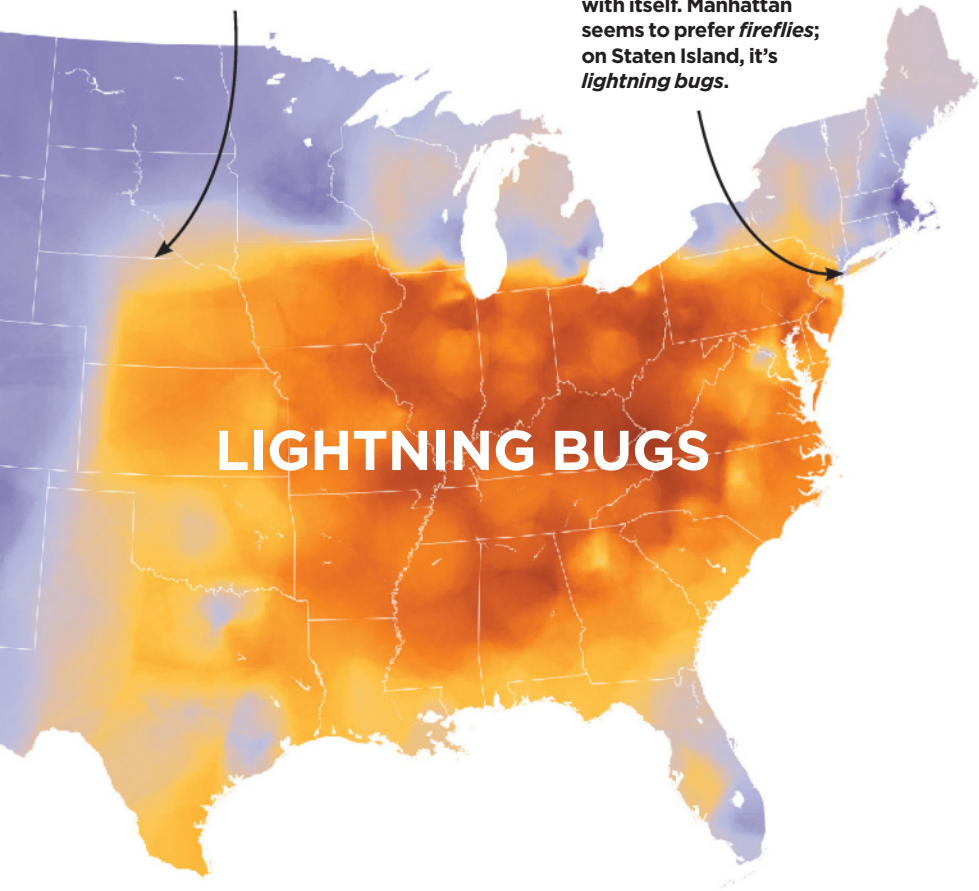


## FIREFLIES

## WHAT WE CALL INSECTS THAT GLOW AT NIGHT

*Fireflies*, increasingly popular with younger Americans, have been encroaching on *lightning bugs*' territory in recent years.

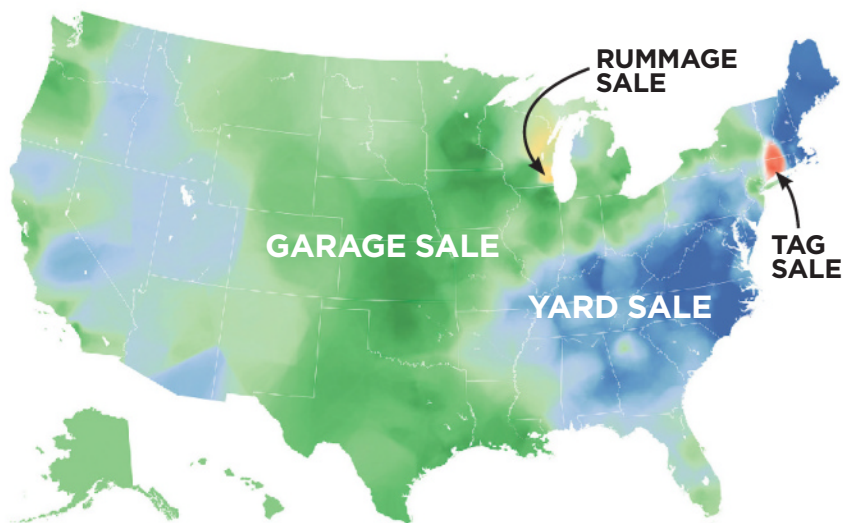
New York City disagrees with itself. Manhattan seems to prefer *fireflies*; on Staten Island, it's *lightning bugs*.



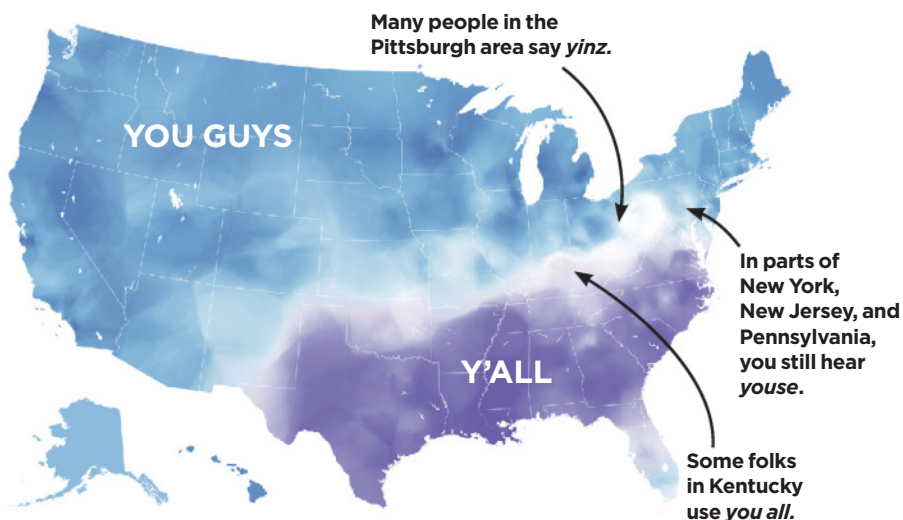
LIGHTNING BUGS



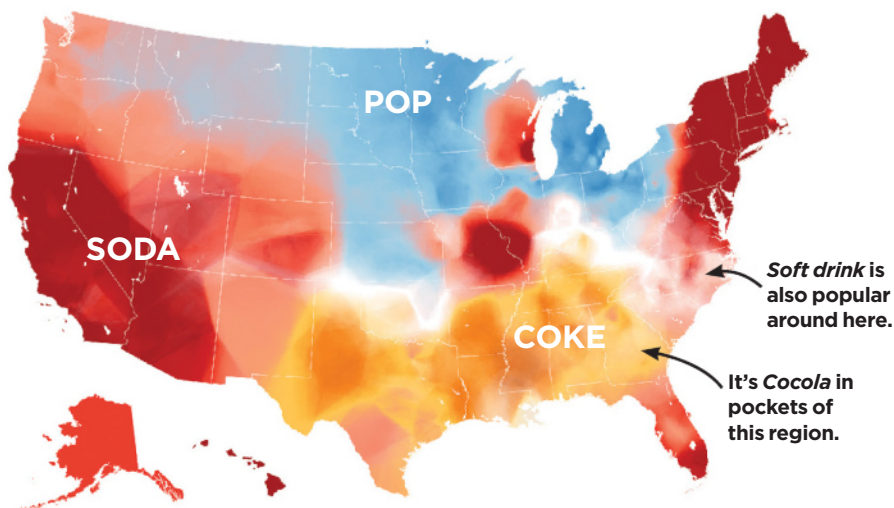
## WHAT WE CALL A SALE OF HOUSEHOLD ITEMS



## HOW WE ADDRESS A GROUP OF PEOPLE



## WHAT WE CALL CARBONATED BEVERAGES

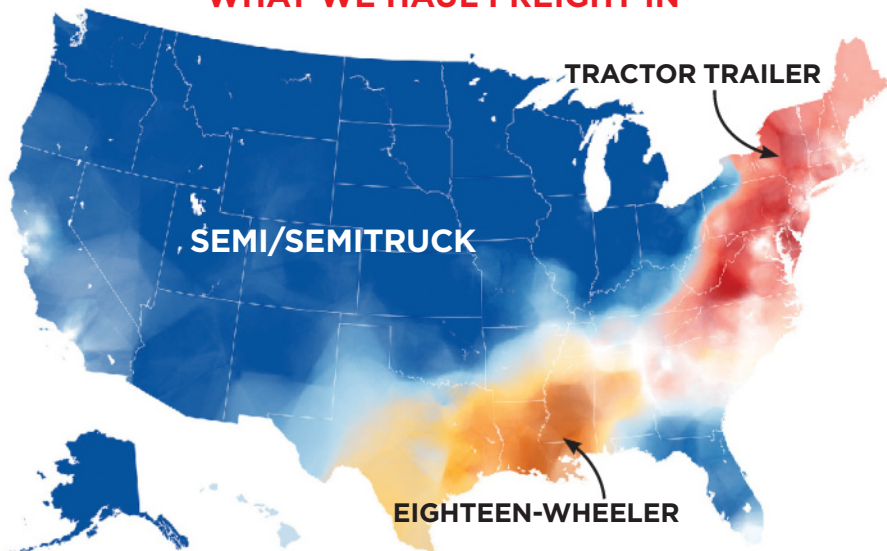


## WHERE WE THROW OUR TRASH

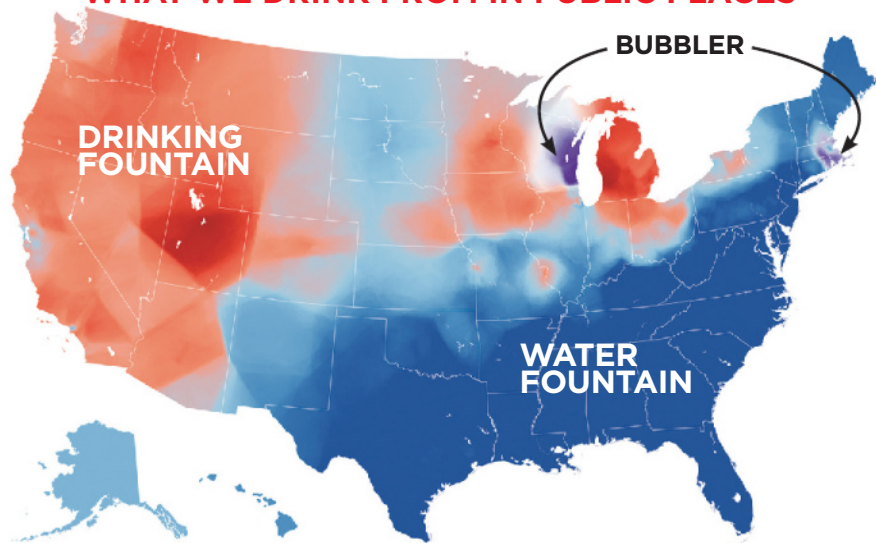


ALL MAPS: JOSH KATZ

## WHAT WE HAUL FREIGHT IN



## WHAT WE DRINK FROM IN PUBLIC PLACES

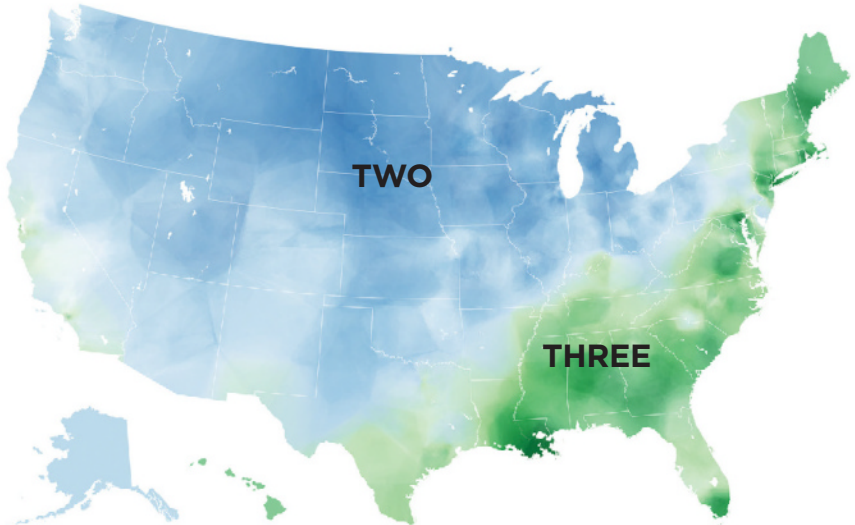


## WHAT WE CALL ATHLETIC FOOTWEAR

In Chicago and Cincinnati, you might lace up your *gym shoes*.



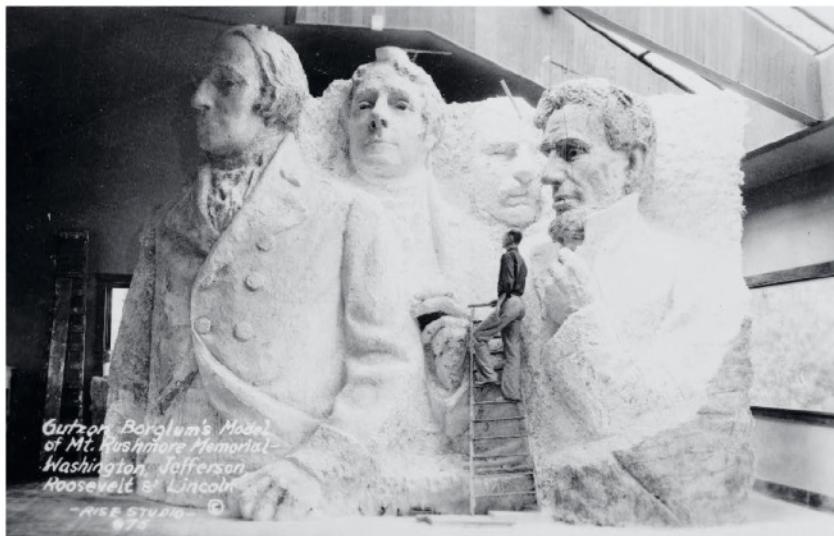
## HOW MANY SYLLABLES IN CAMEL?



America's iconic places were supposed to look a little bit different. Buckle up for a sightseeing tour of five ...

# First Drafts of History

BY BRANDON SPECKTOR



## The Other Half of Mount Rushmore

As you can see from sculptor Gutzon Borglum's model of Mount Rushmore (above), the carving crew made a few concessions during the monument's 14-year construction. Time, money, and areas of impenetrable rock prohibited the team from finishing the full head-to-waist sculptures Borglum had planned—Lincoln never even got ears. Still more trouble came when weak rock quality forced the presidents' relocation to a different part of the rock face than originally planned, leaving no room for what would have been Lincoln's neighbor and Borglum's pièce de résistance: a monstrous 80-by-120-foot tablet in the shape of the Louisiana Purchase, inscribed with the nine most important moments from 1776 to 1906 (that is, from Washington to Roosevelt). Some things are better left uncarved.

FROM LEFT: COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; KEITH DE LELLIS, NY





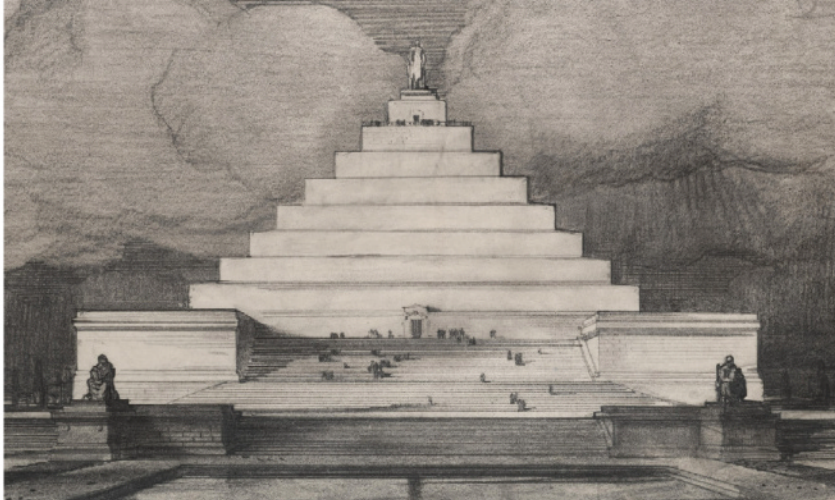
## Full of Hot Air

The spire atop New York's Empire State Building was not built solely as a hangout for King Kong; it was originally pitched as a zepelin dock. In 1929, investors announced that the already 1,050-foot-tall tower would soon add a 200-foot "mooring mast" for tethering luxury dirigibles after transatlantic flights (as imagined in this doctored promo photo from 1931). While this was likely all a big stunt to one-up the nearby Chrysler building, one airship reportedly did secure itself to the mast but promptly fled after three minutes in the turbulent 40-mile-per-hour winds above the tower. The spire is still called a mooring mast today, but what would've been the docking level is now the 103rd floor observatory, open only to maintenance staff and celebrities.

## Hail, Emperor Washington

Approved in 1845, Robert Mills's original design for the Washington Monument (right) was a temple fit for a caesar. A flat-topped obelisk, a ring of grand Romanesque columns, and a huge statue of George Washington driving a horse-drawn chariot seemed like fitting tributes to America's first president—until 1854, when the money (and later the marble) ran dry. Construction halted for decades; when Mark Twain visited in 1868, he likened the barely started obelisk to an “ungainly old chimney” and demanded it be finished or torn down outright. Work finally resumed in 1879, but Congress decided not to trifle with Mills's lofty temple or statue. Instead, they'd finish the obelisk and call it a day—a plan that Mills thought would make the memorial look like a big “stalk of asparagus.” Vegetable or no, when the obelisk was finally capped at 555 feet in 1884, it became the tallest structure in the world.





## Fourscore and 170 Steps to Go

Congress took another shot at memorializing a president in 1911, approving \$2 million (more than \$49.5 million in today's money) for a monument to Abraham Lincoln. The final contending designs, submitted by rival architects John Russell Pope and Henry Bacon, were fittingly extravagant. Pope's sketches evoked the ancient: Imagine an Egyptian pyramid, a Mesopotamian ziggurat (shown above), or a lofty Mayan temple burning an eternal flame. One concept drawing showed a replica of the Roman Parthenon standing high atop 250 feet of stairs. Today's tourists should rejoice that Pope's stairway to heaven lost the commission to Bacon's more reined-in neoclassical temple—and that they need to climb only 58 steps to get from the memorial plaza to Lincoln's feet.



## A Bridge Too Far—and Too “Ugly”

The Golden Gate Strait didn't want a bridge. Violent tides, regular blinding fogs, ferocious winds, and a reach of water more than one mile wide and 300 feet deep all made this evident. Still, San Francisco needed a connection to the other side of the mainland, and engineer Joseph Strauss didn't let the elements shake his ambition. In 1921, Strauss submitted a design for a hybrid cantilever-suspension bridge (seen here) and rallied much political and financial support, despite a local paper's contention that his bridge was, frankly, “ugly.” Strauss brushed it off. But as planning progressed, his hybrid design also proved structurally inefficient. By 1930, the “ugly” hybrid was replaced with a pure suspension bridge developed by Strauss Engineering Corporation's vice president, Charles A. Ellis. We're not saying Strauss was jealous, but Ellis was inexplicably fired during a vacation in 1931, two years before construction on his now-famous bridge began. **R**



# How To: Fix Your Fatigue and Get More Energy

According to patients at the Center for Restorative Medicine, a discovery has completely transformed their lives.

Founder and Director **Dr. Steven Gundry** is a world-renowned heart surgeon, a best-selling author, and the personal physician to many celebrities. But his breakthrough could be the most important accomplishment of his career.

Dr. Gundry has unveiled a simple — yet highly effective — solution to issues that plague millions of Americans over 40: low energy, low metabolism and constant fatigue.

“When you’re feeling low energy, that’s your body screaming **HELP!**” Dr. Gundry’s radical solution was inspired by a breakthrough with a “hopeless” patient who had been massively overweight, chronically fatigued and suffering from severely clogged arteries.

The secret to his breakthrough? **“There are key ‘micronutrients’ missing from your diet,”** Dr. Gundry said, “If you can replenish them in very high dosages, the results can be astonishing.”

This unorthodox philosophy is what led Dr. Gundry to create an at-home method for fatigue — which has since become remarkably successful with his patients. “They’re reporting natural, long-lasting energy without a ‘crash’



and they’re feeling slim, fit and active,” he revealed yesterday.

Dr. Gundry’s team released a **comprehensive video presentation**, so that the public can be educated as to exactly how it works.

Watch the presentation here at [www.GetEnergy56.com](http://www.GetEnergy56.com)

Within just a few hours, this video had gotten thousands of hits, and is now considered to have gone viral. One viewer commented: “If this works, it’s exactly what I’ve been praying for my whole life. I’ve never seen anything like this solution before...the truth about my diet was shocking and eye-opening.”

It makes a lot of sense, and it sounds great in theory, but we’ll have to wait and see what the results are. Knowing Dr. Gundry, however, there is a great deal of potential.

See his presentation here at [www.GetEnergy56.com](http://www.GetEnergy56.com)



IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

# Word Power

*Some Native American words adopted into English are as common as a backyard chipmunk (that's from the Ojibwa tribe), but there are plenty that are as unusual as a manatee in a mackinaw. For answers and etymology, turn to the next page.*

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

**1. mackinaw** ('ma-kuh-naw) *n.*—  
A: mountain creek. B: makeshift bed. C: wool coat.

**2. dory** ('dohr-ee) *n.*—A: dry gulch. B: flat-bottomed boat. C: small red potato.

**3. hogan** ('hoh-gahn) *n.*—  
A: town meeting. B: log home. C: ceremonial pipe.

**4. punkie** ('puhn-kee) *n.*—  
A: wooden sled. B: biting bug. C: runt of a litter.

**5. dowitcher** ('dow-ih-chur) *n.*—  
A: wading bird. B: widow. C: gifted healer.

**6. Podunk** ('poh-dunk) *n.*—  
A: small town. B: swimming hole. C: fried cake.

**7. manatee** ('ma-nuh-tee) *n.*—  
A: carved face. B: sea cow. C: hard-fought contest.

**8. pogonip** ('pah-guh-nihp) *n.*—  
A: ball game. B: organic snack. C: cold fog.

**9. potlatch** ('paht-lach) *n.*—  
A: straw hat. B: red pigment. C: celebratory feast.

**10. kachina** (kuh-'chee-nuh) *n.*—  
A: rain shower. B: wooden doll. C: drum.

**11. savanna** (suh-'va-nuh) *n.*—  
A: voyage on foot. B: expression of adoration. C: grassland.

**12. terrapin** ('tehr-uh-pin) *n.*—  
A: spring flower. B: swampland. C: turtle.

**13. hackmatack** ('hak-muh-tak) *n.*—A: larch tree. B: machete. C: ambush.

**14. sachem** ('say-chum) *n.*—  
A: hex or curse. B: puff of smoke. C: leader.

**15. chinook** (shih-'nook) *n.*—  
A: convicted thief. B: warm wind. C: campfire.

 *To play an interactive version of Word Power on your iPad, download the Reader's Digest app.*



## Answers

- 1. mackinaw**—[C] wool coat. Joseph always wears his *mackinaw*, even on warm, sunny days. (Algonquian)
- 2. dory**—[B] flat-bottomed boat. Susan's favorite way to relax is fishing from her *dory* on the bay. (Miskito)
- 3. hogan**—[B] log home. The doorway of a traditional *hogan* faces east, toward the sunrise. (Navajo)
- 4. punkie**—[B] biting bug. Whether you call them midges, no-see-ums, or *punkies*, they're all out for blood! (Delaware)
- 5. dowitcher**—[A] wading bird. According to my field guide, that bird is a long-billed *dowitcher*. (Iroquois)
- 6. Podunk**—[A] small town. Who could have imagined that this kid from *Podunk* would make it big? (Algonquian)
- 7. manatee**—[B] sea cow. *Manatees* use their flippers to “walk” along the seabed while grazing on plants. (Cariban)
- 8. pogonip**—[C] cold fog. Thanks to this morning's *pogonip*, I have ice crystals in my eyebrows. (Shoshone)
- 9. potlatch**—[C] celebratory feast. Geno's mac and cheese is a favorite at his family's annual *potlatch*. (Nootka)
- 10. kachina**—[B] wooden doll. The museum has an impressive collection of hand-carved *kachinas*. (Hopi)
- 11. savanna**—[C] grassland. On his tour of African *savannas*, Eli spotted elephants, zebras, and rhinos. (Taino)
- 12. terrapin**—[C] turtle. On summer days, *terrapins* sun themselves on flat rocks in the marsh. (Algonquian)
- 13. hackmatack**—[A] larch tree. Will you have a picnic under the *hackmatack* with me? (Algonquian)
- 14. sachem**—[C] leader. The CEO may sit in the corner office, but in this company the marketing director is the real *sachem*. (Narragansett)
- 15. chinook**—[B] warm wind. The *chinook* blew in from the southwest, melting the last of the winter snow. (Chehalis)

### VOCABULARY RATINGS

**9 & below:** rough translator

**10-12:** smooth interpreter

**13-15:** native speaker

### SAY THAT AGAIN?

We can thank the Nipmuc people of Massachusetts for the longest place name in America. With 45 letters and 14 syllables, Lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg certainly presents a challenge to sign painters. Fortunately, it's also known by a shorter (and more pronounceable) name: Webster Lake.

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# Humor in Uniform



*"Who wants to help me with the fireworks this year?"*

**MY WIFE NEVER** got the hang of the 24-hour military clock. One day, she called my office. The person who answered told her I was at another extension. "He can be reached at 4700, ma'am," the soldier said.

My wife sighed, then asked, "And just what time is that?" Source: gcfl.net

**I ASKED** a scruffy-looking soldier if he'd shaved. He answered, "Yes, Top Sergeant." I got into his face and said, "OK, tomorrow I want you to stand closer to your razor." Source: rallypoint.com

**WE DROVE INTO TOWN** from our base in Germany and parked our car on a street called Einbahnstrasse. Later, ready to go home, we found the street but not our car. After wandering about, we stopped a local. That's when we discovered the problem: *Einbahnstrasse*, it turns out, means "one-way street."

**JOSEPH MAYES**, *Wexford, Pennsylvania*

**Send us your funniest military anecdote or news story—it might be worth \$\$\$! For details, go to [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit).**

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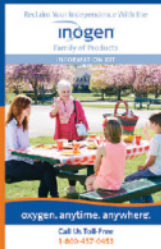
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# Quotable Quotes



**JEALOUSY IS ALL THE FUN YOU THINK THEY HAD.**

ERICA JONG, *writer*

You know that old saying: “You’re never too old to play. You’re only too old for low-rise jeans.”

ELLEN DEGENERES, *television host*



**WHAT LIES BEHIND US AND WHAT LIES BEFORE US ARE TINY MATTERS COMPARED TO WHAT LIES WITHIN US.**

HENRY STANLEY HASKINS, *author and stockbroker*



***If your ship doesn't come in, swim out to it!***

JONATHAN WINTERS, *comedian*

**THE NICE THING ABOUT THINGS THAT ARE URGENT IS THAT IF YOU WAIT LONG ENOUGH THEY AREN'T URGENT ANYMORE.**

AMOS TVERSKY, *psychologist*



Little did I know the problem with fairy tales: They never address logistics.

TIFFANY DUFU, *chief leadership officer at Levo*

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